

VOL. 8 Nº 2

APRIL 10¢

TARGET

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

COMICS

TARGET

Don
RICO



[illegible]

TARGET HITS AND MISSES

Editors' Page

The Editors Write:

Dear Parents:

Let's take a look at Mr. Donovan's letter, printed in the next column. He has touched briefly on a subject which deserves a world of consideration. It is unhappily true that America is still faced with many problems of juvenile delinquency: the facts are inescapable.

Ways and means to combat and control youthful tendencies toward crime are not easy to determine. However, a child who enjoys both mental and physical health, with opportunities for reasonable activities, will have little time and even less desire to do harmful things.

Mr. Donovan says, "... fewer kids on the streets—fewer... in the courtroom." We are certain he does not mean that boys and girls should be perpetual stay-at-homes. Many city children, in particular, must make the best of a crowded city block when they want a place to play.

It's a long block that does not have a corner, and corners are the turning points on the paths of life. For some children, though, a certain type of corner is harmful. It is the kind which caters to idle hands and idle talk.

Children should always have something worthwhile to occupy their leisure hours and to give direction to abundant energy. Magazines and books provide one of the many healthy outlets. The reading lamp is a lure to oppose the street lamp, and the reading lamp often makes for a brighter and happier future.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

Dear Editors:

TARGET is the best-selling hook there is, I bet. The stories are so good that I take one to bed with me every night. I like "The Caillet" and "Candid Charlie"; they're really good. Sometimes I get heck for reading TARGET instead of doing my homework.

Yours truly,
Rosemary Cambra
Taunton, Mass.

Better do that homework first, Rosemary, if you want to hit the target in school. But we're glad you like our magazine.

Dear Editors:

I am writing to extend my sincerest thanks to the editorial staff of TARGET.

I am an eighteen-year-old cued, and I read TARGET in the hours between classes. I like everything about your magazine. The questions require some "brain exercise," and the "Targetoons" are especially witty.

Here's one coed who has pledged herself to make TARGET her monthly "target."

Yours sincerely,
Helen Carter
Walsenburg, Colo.

A solid pledge, Helen. We're happy to have you in the fraternity of TARGET readers.

Dear Editors:

I have heard many parents say that they wouldn't allow their children to read such trash as comic books.

I'm not young any more, but I enjoy reading TARGET—and I can't see where those parents are right.

I think if more youngsters read TARGET and such books, there would be fewer kids on the streets—fewer juveniles in courtrooms.

Sincerely yours,
Tim Donovan
Lewiston, Maine

Juvenile delinquency is a target we want to smash every time, Mr. Donovan. Thanks for a fine letter.

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

As far as I am concerned TARGET COMICS is the best comic book on the market. "Gary Stark" ranks first with me, and is closely followed by "The Caillet."

Your questions and answers are very interesting as well as educational. I find them very helpful in my schoolwork.

Please do not discontinue "The Target and the Targeteers." I think this strip is great.

A faithful TARGET reader,
Mary Mitchell
Clinton, Mass.

We have no intention of discontinuing "The Target and the Targeteers," Mary. Bigger and better adventures are on the way.

Dear Editors:

I just finished reading the October issue of TARGET COMICS. The character I like best is Gary Stark. I can hardly wait for the next issue to come out, so that I can read what happens to Gary and Panama.

I also like "The Caillet," featuring Kit Carter, very much. In fact, all the characters in TARGET are very good. They are exciting in whatever they do.

Cordially yours,
Hadley Hachem
Dearborn, Mich.

"Gary Stark" seems to grow more exciting with every issue, Hadley. Be sure you don't miss any of the new episodes.

Dear Editors:

I just read the December issue of TARGET. I think the fifth story, "Dan'l Flannel," is the best story. It shows that he tried to please someone, but, as usual, he ends up in trouble.

My father likes to read "Targetoons" best. He reads every issue I get. I like TARGET better than any other comic.

Yours truly,
Charles Tregemba
Topeka, Kansas

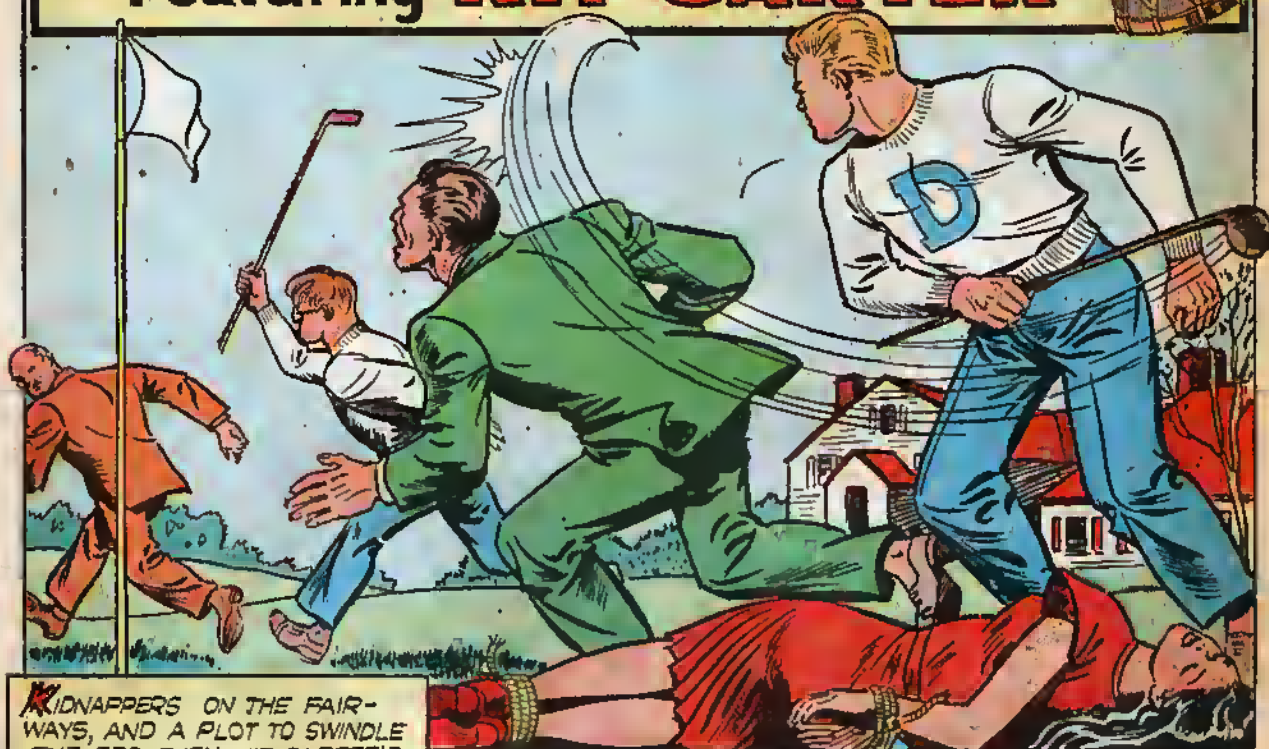
That's our Dan'l, all right. But if he pleased you, Charlie, that's all right, too.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



KIDNAPPERS ON THE FAIRWAYS, AND A PLOT TO SWINDLE THE PRO, TURN KIT CARTER'S PRACTICE ROUND OF GOLF INTO A ROUNDUP OF PRACTICED THUGS!

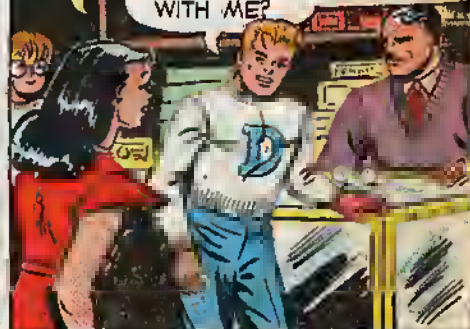
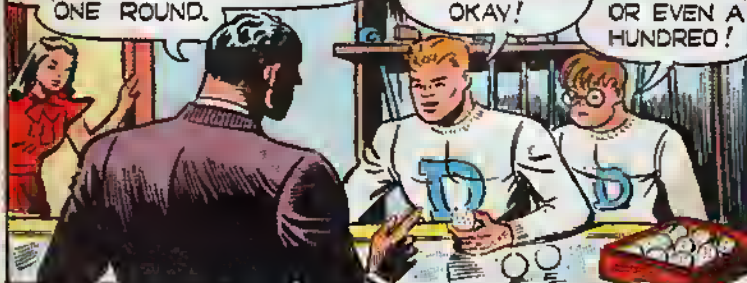
KIT, I CAN IRON OUT THE QUIRKS IN YOUR GAME IN ONE ROUND.

IT'S MOSTLY NEAR THE GREEN, MR. AINSWORTH. MY LONG SHOTS ARE OKAY!

WISH MY GAME COULD BE IRONEO OUT IN ONE ROUND, OR EVEN A HUNDRED!

HI, DAD! HI, EVERYBODY!

HI, SUE, I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SEE YOU! WILL YOU GO TO THE DAUNTON FESTIVAL DANCE WITH ME?



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor
 Mel Cummin, Art Director; Helen Dolg Schmid, Associate Editor; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant
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 personages.

THAT'S A REQUEST I APPROVE OF, SUE. I'D SUGGEST YOU GO WITH KIT! HE'S A FINE LAD.

REALLY, SIR, I ---

BOY, SOME STUFF WHEN THE GAL'S FATHER GOES TO BAT FOR YOU!

GEE, SUE, DON'T THINK I'M TRYING TO IMPRESS YOUR FATHER BECAUSE OF YOU!

I'LL THINK WHAT I PLEASE, KIT CARTER!

I DIDN'T THINK YOU WOULD STOOP TO ANYTHING LIKE THAT--TRYING TO MAKE ME GO TO THE DANCE WITH YOU! NOW I KNOW WHY YOU SPEND SO MUCH TIME WITH MY FATHER!

THAT'S NOT SO, SUE! YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG!

OF COURSE NOT, SUE! I WAS ONLY KIDDING!

NO 1
367
YARDS

I DON'T CARE IF I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN, KIT CARTER!

THAT'S THAT! LOOKS AS THOUGH I JOIN THE STAG LINE!

TOUGH LUCK, SIR. LOOKS AS IF YOU'RE OVER THE GREEN AND IN THE TRAP!

YES, SON. I SEEM TO BE THE ONE THAT NEEDS HELP!

I HOPE THAT LITTLE TUFF SUE AND I HAD DIDN'T UPSET YOU!

NO, NO, KIT! THAT WILL SOON BLOW OVER. I'VE BIGGER PROBLEMS ON MY MIND!

ANYTHING WE CAN HELP YOU WITH, SIR?

I'M AFRAID NOT, SON. THIS IS SOMETHING I'LL HAVE TO FIGHT OUT ALONE!

A SYNDICATE IS TRYING TO FORCE ME TO SELL THE COURSE. THEY THREATENED TO BREAK ME IF I DON'T SIGN OVER. EVERY CENT I HAVE IS IN THIS COURSE!

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO, SIR!

I'D FIGHT 'EM, MR. AINSWORTH! KIT AND I WILL HELP YOU!

THERE AREN'T MANY WAYS TO FIGHT, DAN. I SUSPECT THEY WON'T COME OUT IN THE OPEN. ANYWAY, THEY HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING YET!

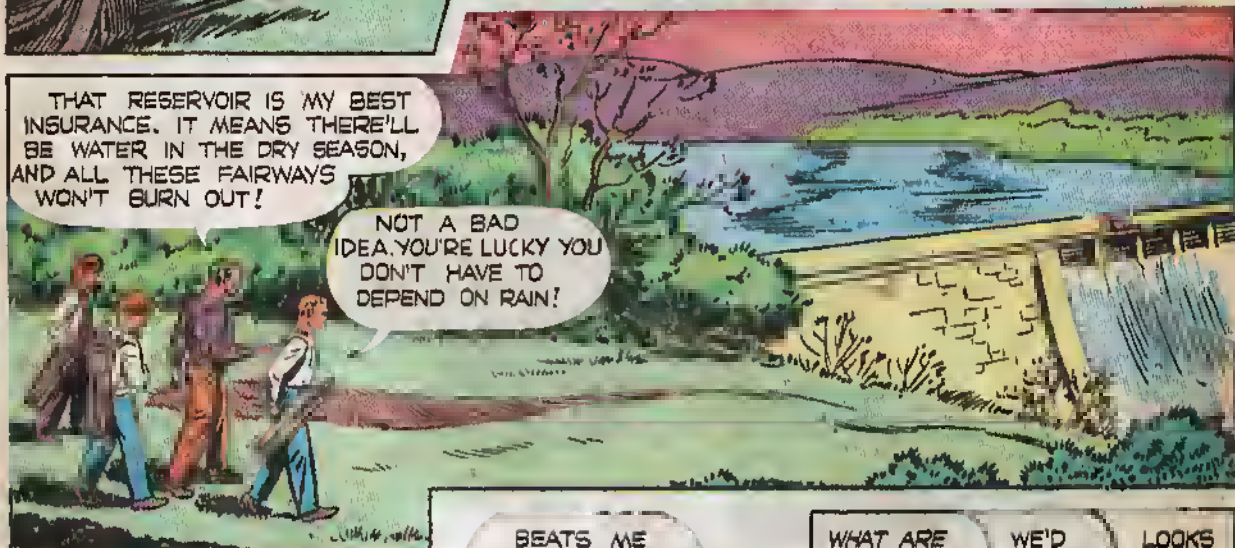
THAT STORY OF YOURS MAKES ME SO MAD I CAN'T EVEN PLAY DECENTLY!

OH-OH! A NEW EXCUSE!



THAT RESERVOIR IS MY BEST INSURANCE. IT MEANS THERE'LL BE WATER IN THE DRY SEASON, AND ALL THESE FAIRWAYS WON'T BURN OUT!

NOT A BAD IDEA. YOU'RE LUCKY YOU DON'T HAVE TO DEPEND ON RAIN!



WHAT'S THAT BOX-LIKE THING ON TOP OF THE DAM, MR. AINSWORTH?

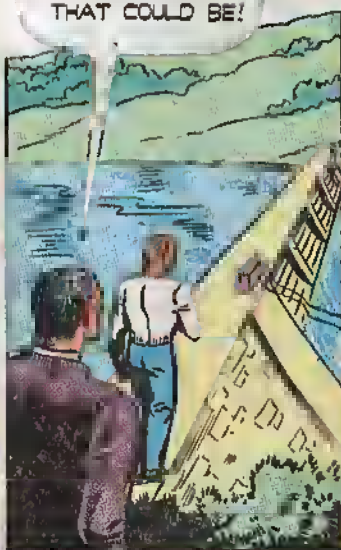
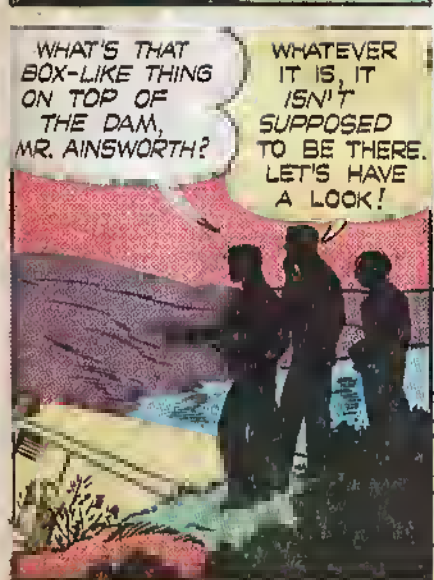
WHATEVER IT IS, IT ISN'T SUPPOSED TO BE THERE. LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

BEATS ME WHAT THAT COULD BE!

WHAT ARE THOSE WIRES FOR?

WE'D BETTER TRACE THEM AND FIND OUT!

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING HERE, BOYS!



WHEW! LUCKY WE GOT TO THIS! IT'S DYNAMITE!



THE WIRES ARE TRACED.

IT'S A DELAYED FUSE. MIGHT HAVE GONE OFF AT ANY MOMENT!

THANK GOODNESS YOU NOTICED THE BOX AND DISCOVERED THIS, KIT. YOU'VE SAVED MY WATER SUPPLY!

I GUESS WE FOOLED THE GUY WHO IS TRYING TO FORCE YOU TO SELL!



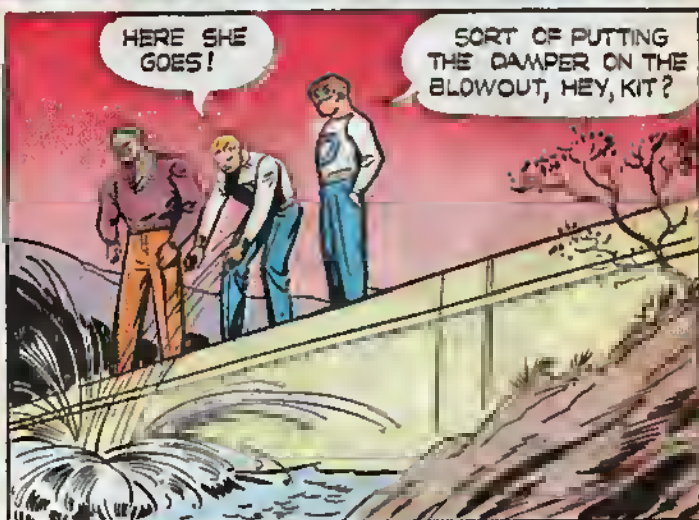
THAT PUTS THE KIBOSH ON THAT!

I'D BETTER REPORT THIS TO THE POLICE!



HERE SHE GOES!

SORT OF PUTTING THE DAMPER ON THE BLOWOUT, HEY, KIT?



SEVERAL HOLES LATER--

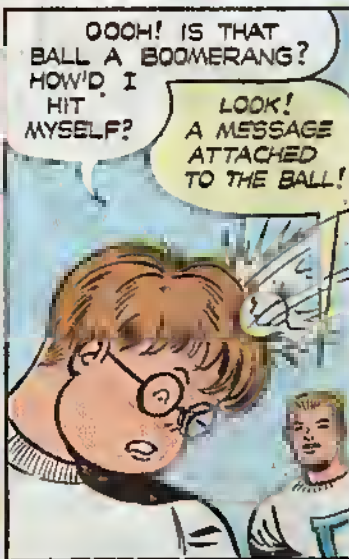
HEADS UP, DAN!

SOMEONE IS GETTING PRETTY CARELESS! DOESN'T HE KNOW ENOUGH TO YELL "FORE"!



OOOH! IS THAT BALL A BOOMERANG? HOW'D I HIT MYSELF?

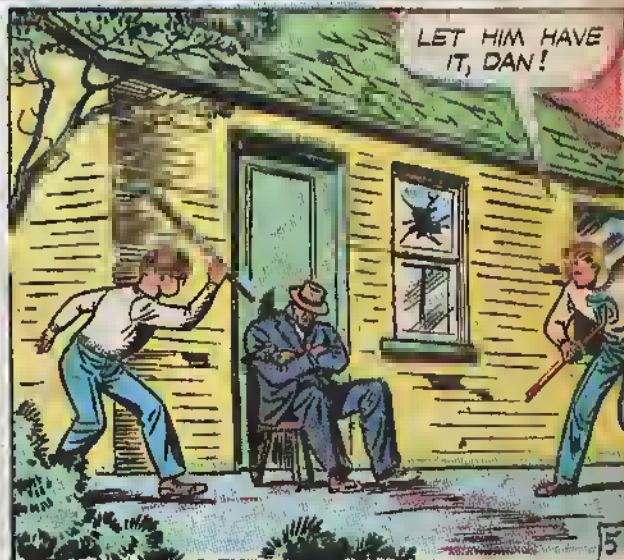
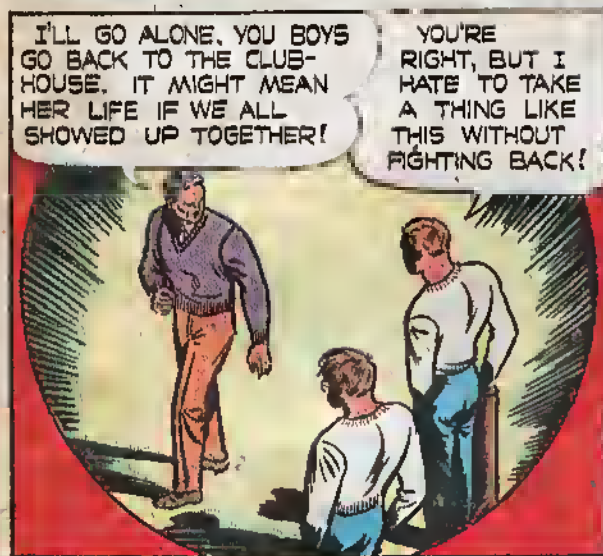
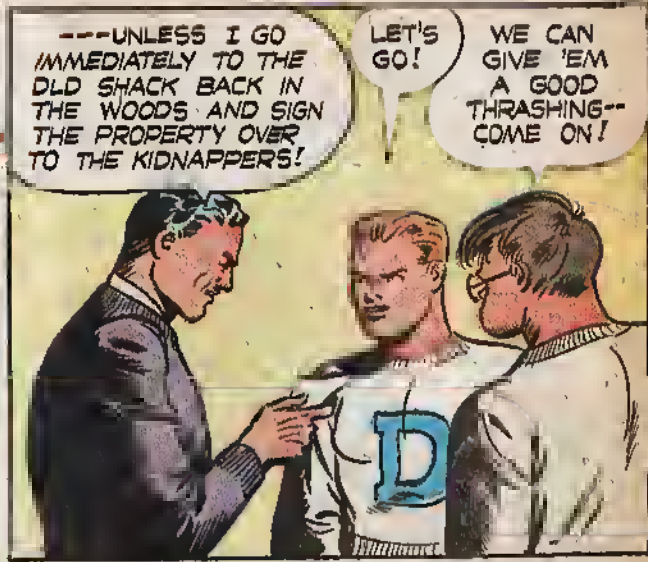
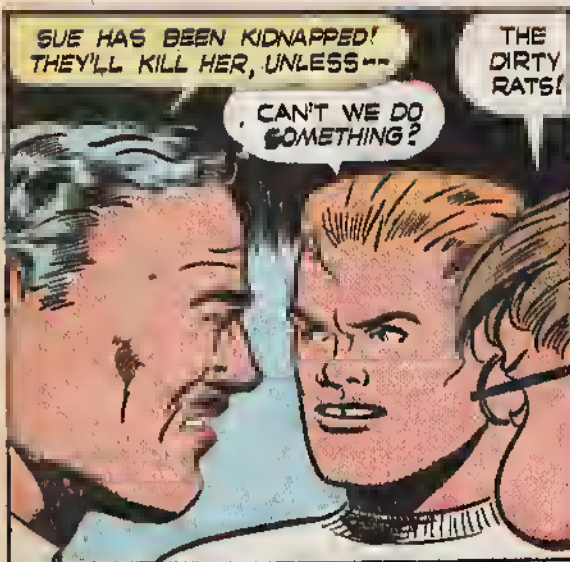
LOOK! A MESSAGE ATTACHED TO THE BALL!



GREAT SCOTT! IT CAN'T BE! IT CAN'T!

WHAT IS IT, SIR?





IN FOOTBALL THIS IS CLIPPING.
HERE IT'S A GOOD IDEA!

WHEW!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!



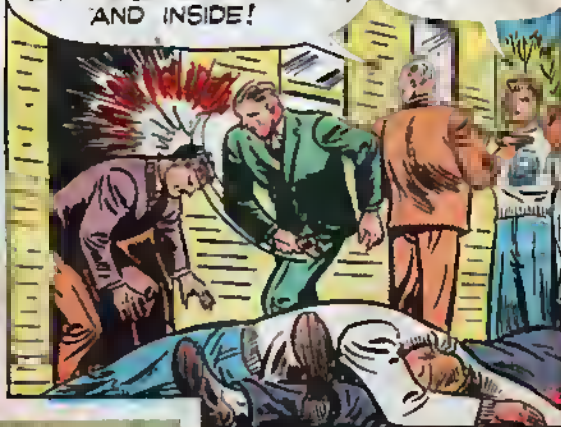
HOW'S THIS FOR AN
IMPREGNABLE DEFENSE?

HOW'S THIS FOR
SCRAPING UP AN
ACQUAINTANCE?



OKAY, YOU PANTY-WAISTS!
GET THESE GUYS TIED UP,
AND INSIDE!

YOU WIN -
FOR NOW!



WHY DO I HAVE TO HAVE ALL
THE DOPES WORK FOR ME?
WHOEVER HEARD OF AN
UNCONSCIOUS GUY SIGNING
PAPERS? SOMEONE BRING
HIM TO, AND MAKE IT
SNAPPY!



MR. AINSWORTH HAS BEEN
KNOCKED OUT. IF WE CAN GET
FREE IN A HURRY WE MAY BE
ABLE TO GET THIS MOB BEFORE
THEY CAN REVIVE HIM AND
MAKE
HIM
SIGN
THE
PAPERS!

WHO
HIT ME
WITH
THAT
TREE?

OH, POOR
DAD!
THEY'LL
KILL
HIM!



THAT'S THE STUFF, KIT! THE
ROPES ARE LOOSENING! KEEP
IT UP!

IF ONLY NO ONE
LOOKS IN! IF WE
EVER NEEDED A BREAK,
WE NEED ONE NOW.



IF YOU MUGS KILLED HIM, I'M GONNA TAKE A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF PROFIT OUT OF YOUR HANDS!

JEEZ, BOSS, HOW WAS I TO KNOW THE OLD GEEZER WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ROUGHED UP?



HURRY, DAN, WE'VE GOT TO UNTIE SUE, AND THEN FIGURE OUT A PLAN TO GET THOSE CROOKS!

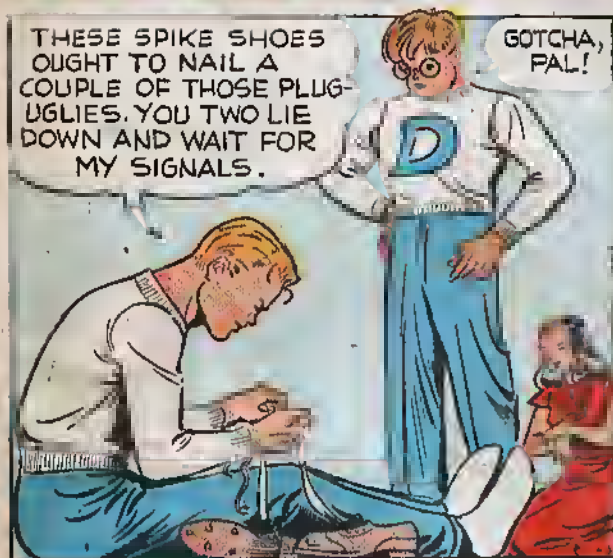


THERE! THAT ABOUT DOES IT! NOT A THING IN HERE WE CAN USE FOR A CLUB OR WEAPON, WAIT, I HAVE AN IDEA!

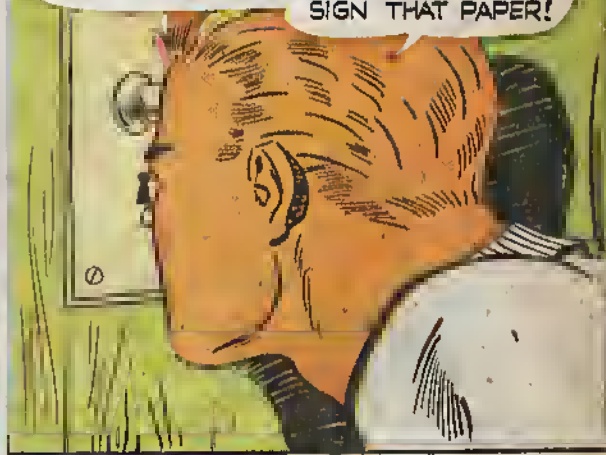


THESE SPIKE SHOES OUGHT TO NAIL A COUPLE OF THOSE PLUG-UGLIES. YOU TWO LIE DOWN AND WAIT FOR MY SIGNALS.

GOTCHA, PAL!



YOUR FATHER IS COMING TO, SUE. HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT SOON. WE'VE GOT TO HURRY OR THEY'LL GET HIM TO SIGN THAT PAPER!



OKAY, AINSWORTH! GET YOUR JOHN HANCOCK ON HERE--AND QUICK! I'M TIRED OF FOOLING AROUND! ONE MORE BIT OF MONKEY BUSINESS AND I'LL KNOCK YOU ALL OFF!

GUESS I BETTER CHECK UP ON THOSE GUYS IN THE OTHER ROOM!

ONE OF THEM IS COMING IN! REMEMBER, WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL!





WELL, PRETTY BOY, HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR ACCOMMODATIONS?

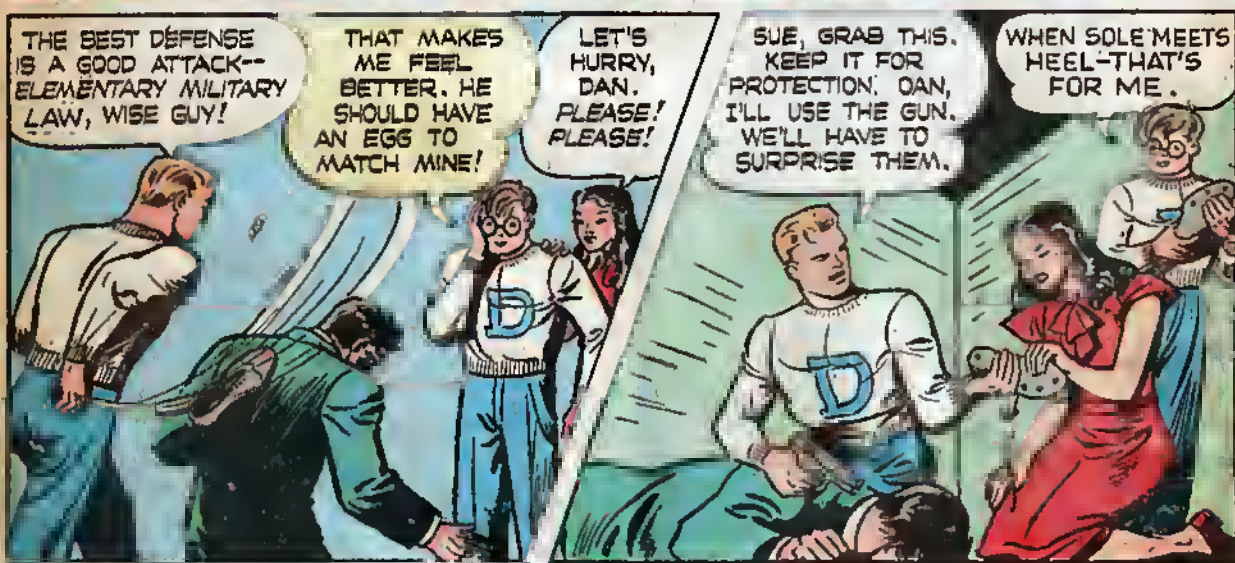
WE'LL GET YOU FOR THIS IF IT'S THE LAST THING WE DO!



PRETTY COSY, AIN'T IT? OR WOULD YOU LIKE SOME MORE COMPANY?



WELL, WELL! FATSO, THE BOY WITH THE IMPREGNABLE DEFENSE!



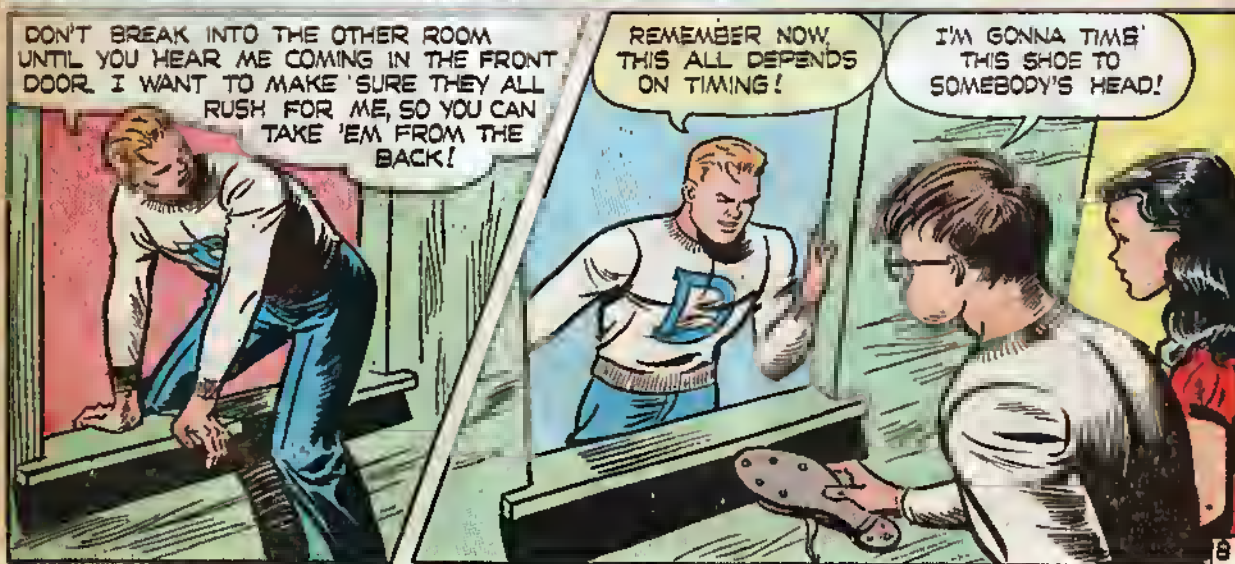
THE BEST DEFENSE IS A GOOD ATTACK-- ELEMENTARY MILITARY LAW, WISE GUY!

THAT MAKES ME FEEL BETTER. HE SHOULD HAVE AN EGG TO MATCH MINE!

LET'S HURRY, DAN. PLEASE! PLEASE!

SUE, GRAB THIS. KEEP IT FOR PROTECTION. DAN, I'LL USE THE GUN. WE'LL HAVE TO SURPRISE THEM.

WHEN SOLE MEETS HEEL--THAT'S FOR ME.



DON'T BREAK INTO THE OTHER ROOM UNTIL YOU HEAR ME COMING IN THE FRONT DOOR. I WANT TO MAKE SURE THEY ALL RUSH FOR ME, SO YOU CAN TAKE 'EM FROM THE BACK!

REMEMBER NOW, THIS ALL DEPENDS ON TIMING!

I'M GONNA TIME THIS SHOE TO SOMEBODY'S HEAD!

DON'T MOVE, ANY OF YOU!
MR. AINSWORTH, DON'T SIGN
THOSE PAPERS!

GET HIM
YOURSELF, BOSS.
HE'S GOT A GUN!

WHO LET
HIM LOOSE!
GET HIM!

NICE SHOT, DAN!
YOU SHOULD BE
DOING THE
HAMMER THROW!

BY THEIR BUMPS
YE SHALL KNOW
THEM!



SUE, ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?

AND DAN WAS COMPLAINING YESTERDAY
THAT NOTHING HAPPENED ANYMORE!

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS WHY THESE
GUYS WANTED THE GOLF COURSE. THEY
DON'T LOOK LIKE THE COUNTRY CLUB
TYPE TO ME!



LET'S
HAVE
THE
REASON
FOR
THIS!

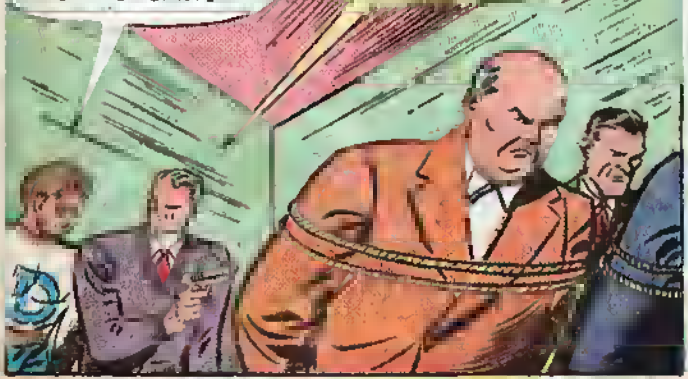
THERE'S PITCHBLLENDE
UNDER THIS COURSE.
IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE!

PITCHBLLENDE!
WHY, THAT'S THE
SOURCE OF RADIUM!
SUE, OUR TROUBLES
ARE OVER!



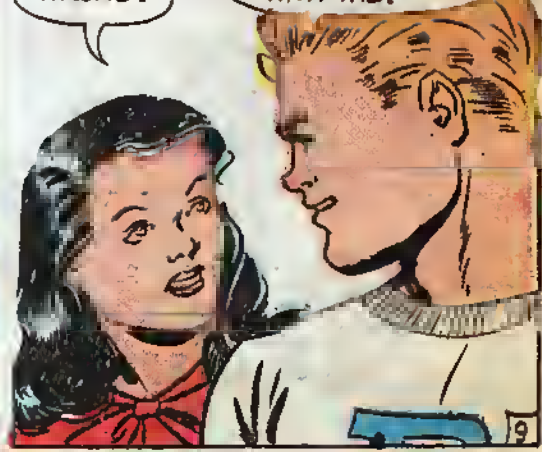
MAYBE KIT HAS
TROUBLE HITTING
THE GREEN, BUT
HE SURE DIDN'T
HAVE ANY TROUBLE
HITTING THAT
CROOK'S JAW!

THAT'S RIGHT.
PERHAPS I'D
BETTER TRADE
HIM BOXING
LESSONS FOR
GOLF LESSONS!



I'M SORRY,
KIT. I GUESS
I WAS
WRONG!

THAT MEANS YOU
WILL GO TO THE
DAUNTON DANCE
WITH ME!



Rollfast

Streamlined
BICYCLES
BALL-BEARING
ROLLER SKATES

They're Super!

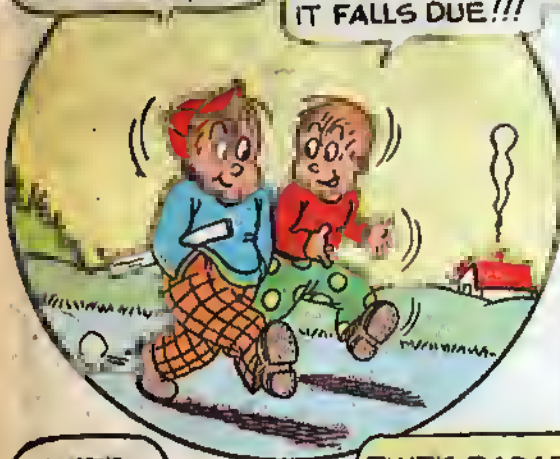
Ask the kids
who have 'em

FREE
BICYCLE
CATALOG
Write Dept. D

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. CO., INC. • ROLLFAST BLDG. • NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

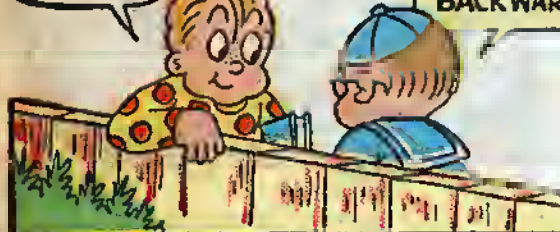
HOW WOULD YOU
DESCRIBE WORRY?

IT'S INTEREST PAID
ON TROUBLE BEFORE
IT FALLS DUE!!!



WOT'S
RADAR?

THAT'S RADAR
SPELLED
BACKWARDS!



WOT DYA MEAN IT
GOT DARK EARLY
YESTERDAY, HUH?

BUTCH BEAT TH'
DAYLIGHTS OUT
OF ME!!!



WHY DO YOU SAY A ROOM
FULL OF MARRIED PEOPLE
IS EMPTY, HUH??

'CAUSE THERE
ISN'T A SINGLE
PERSON IN IT!!



WIT HAMMER

GARY STARK

by
DON
RICO

THINKING THAT HIS
TWO FRIENDS, NAILS
AND BOB, NO LONGER
HAVE ROOM FOR HIM
IN THEIR LIVES, GARY
DECIDES TO GO OFF ON
HIS OWN ---

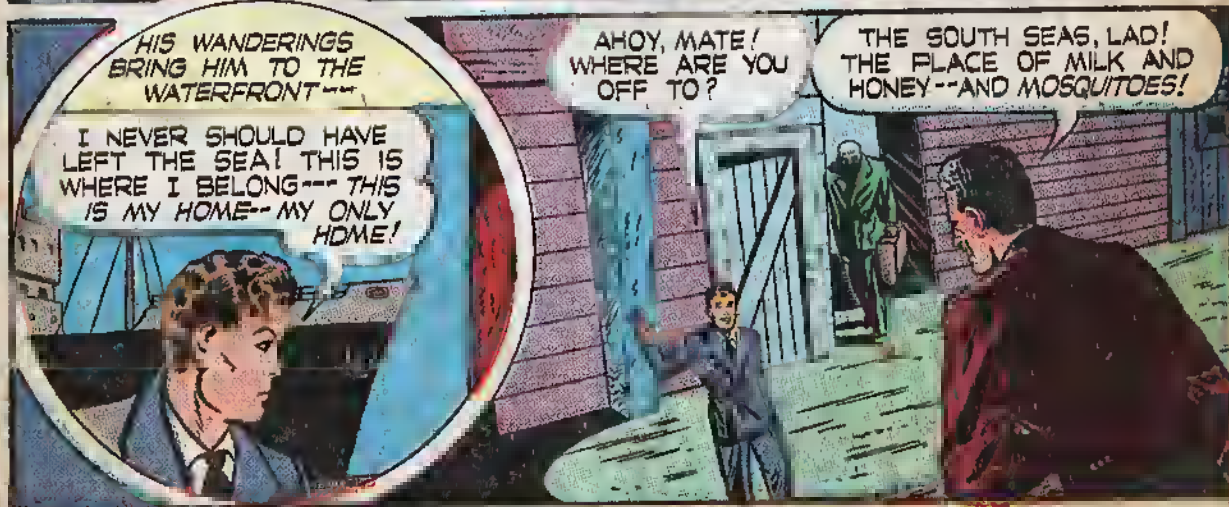


HIS WANDERINGS
BRING HIM TO THE
WATERFRONT ---

I NEVER SHOULD HAVE
LEFT THE SEA! THIS IS
WHERE I BELONG --- THIS
IS MY HOME -- MY ONLY
HOME!

AHOY, MATE!
WHERE ARE YOU
OFF TO?

THE SOUTH SEAS, LAD!
THE PLACE OF MILK AND
HONEY -- AND MOSQUITOES!

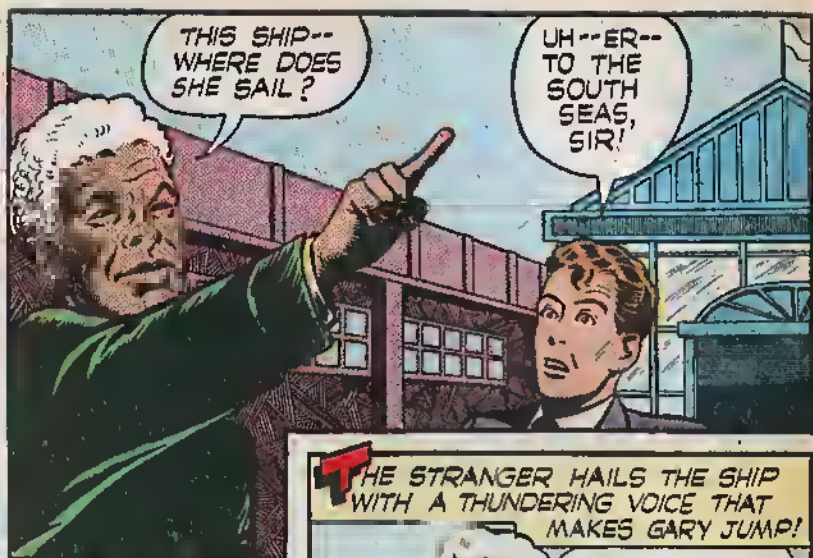


TARGET COMICS

AT THAT MOMENT, A TALL, WHITE-HAIRED POLYNESIAN WALKS ONTO THE PIER---

GOOD EVENING!

HUH?
GOOD
EVENING!



THE SOUTH
SEAS--HMM--

THE STRANGER HAILS THE SHIP
WITH A THUNDERING VOICE THAT
MAKES GARY JUMP!

AHOY!

YIPE!

NOT SO LOUD! YOU'LL
WAKEN THE FIRST MATE,
WHO NEEDS HIS BEAUTY
SLEEP! WHAT IS IT?

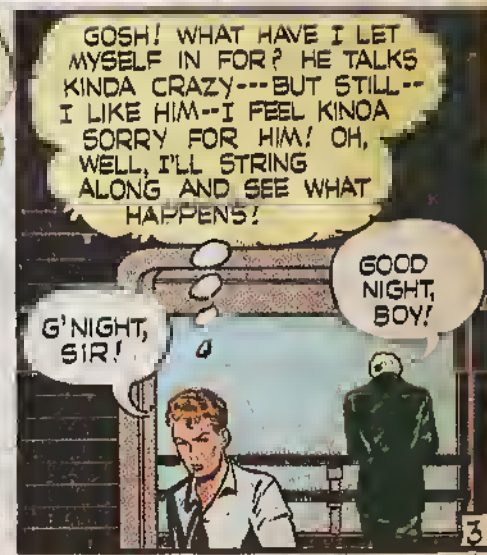
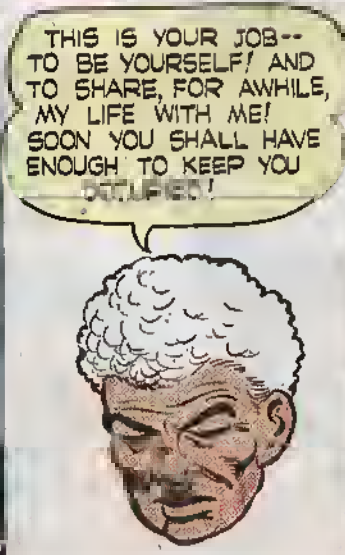
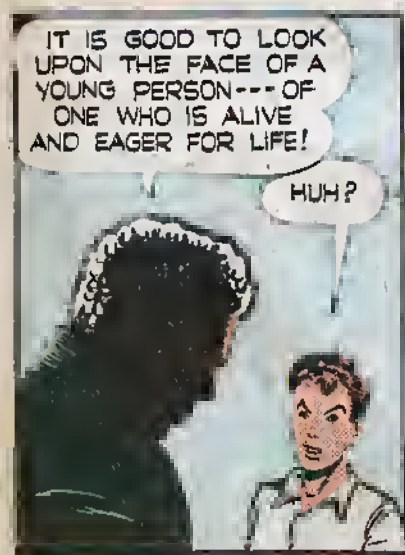
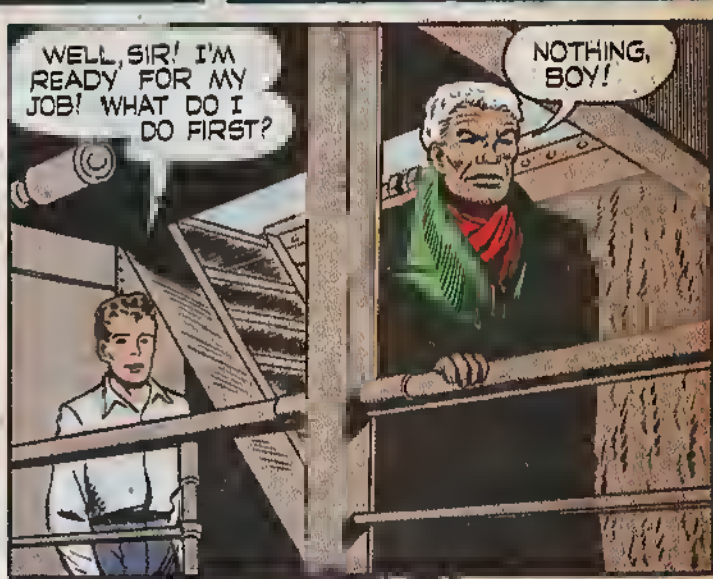
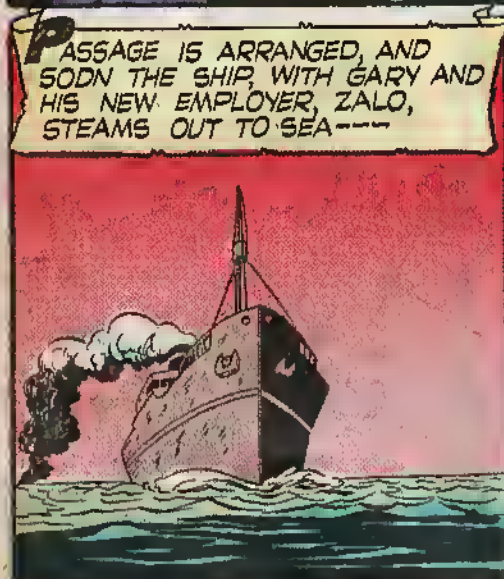
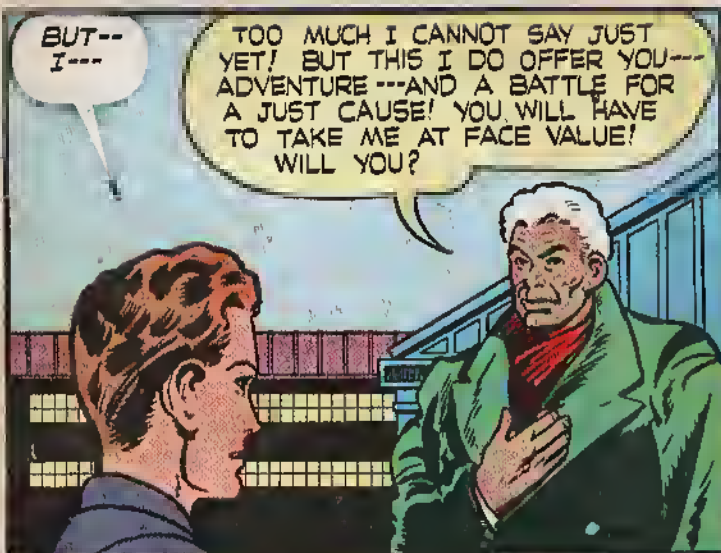
I WISH TO
BOOK
PASSAGE
ON YOUR
SHIP!

SHIP? YOU CALL
THIS TUB A SHIP?
WELL--COME
ABOARD AND
SPEAK TO OUR
CAPTAIN!

SO, BOY--
LET US GO!

WHAT?

MY MIND SEES MANY THINGS-- I
LOOK AT YOU AND OBSERVE THAT
YOU ARE HOMELESS--ALSO THAT
YOU ARE ONE WITH THE SEA! I
NEED A COMPANION FOR MY
VOYAGE HOME--SO A BARGAIN
IS MADE! WILL
YOU COME WITH ME?



LATER, AS GARY SLEEPS--



OOPS!

WHAT'S UP?
SOMEBODY'S
IN THIS ROOM!

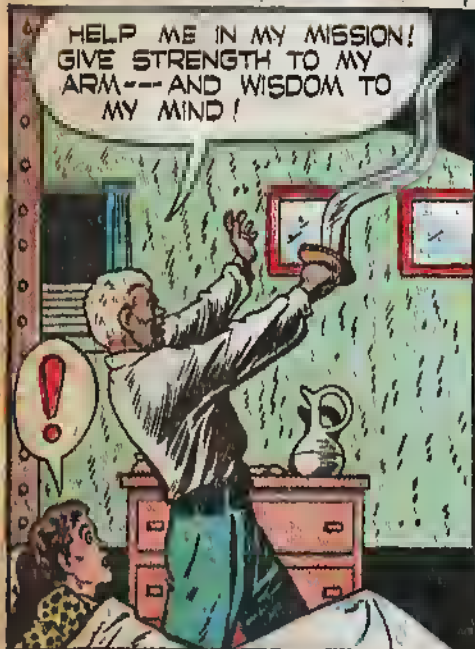


THEN--THROUGH THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, GARY SEES ZALD HOLD ALDFT A GREAT, CURVING SWORD!



GOD OF THE PEOPLE
OF ZALOLAND!

HELP ME IN MY MISSION!
GIVE STRENGTH TO MY
ARM--AND WISDOM TO
MY MIND!



---AND PROTECT THE BOY--
MY NEW-FOUND
FRIEND---

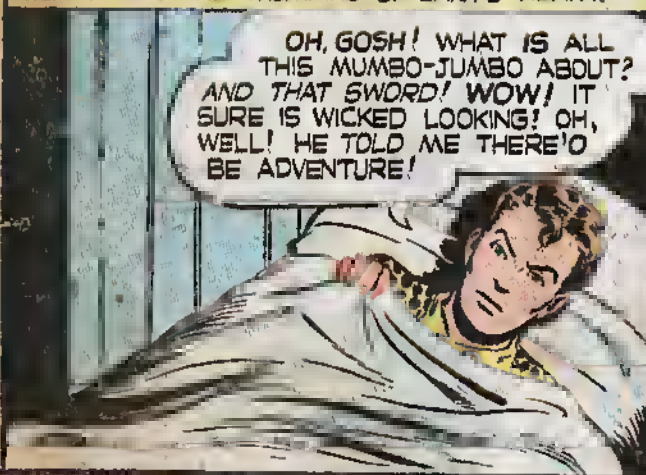


SO THAT
TOGETHER WE
MAY VANQUISH
MY ENEMIES---
AND BRING LIGHT
WHERE DARKNESS
NOW REIGNS!



THEN, ALL IS SILENT AS ZALD GOES TO BED,
EXCEPT FOR THE THUMPING OF GARY'S HEART.

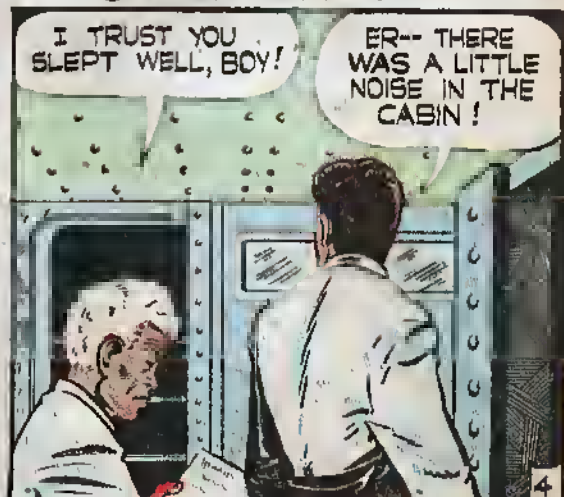
OH, GOSH! WHAT IS ALL
THIS MUMBO-JUMBO ABOUT?
AND THAT SWORD! WOW! IT
SURE IS WICKED LOOKING! OH,
WELL! HE TOLD ME THERE'D
BE ADVENTURE!



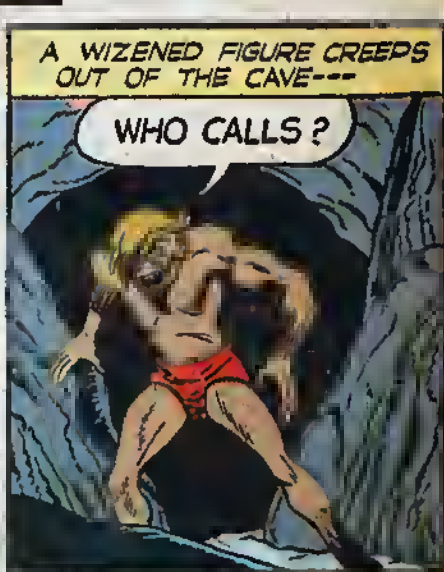
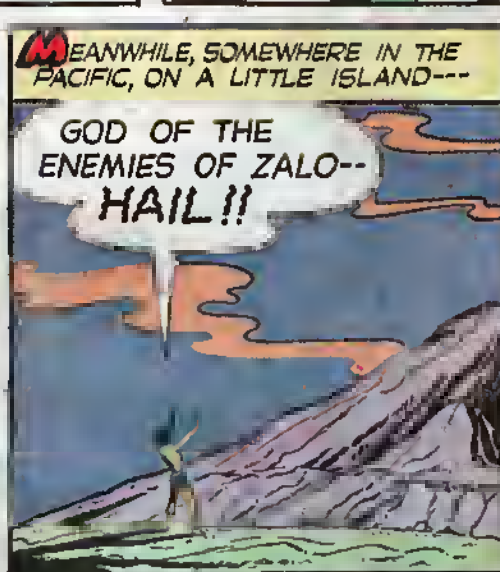
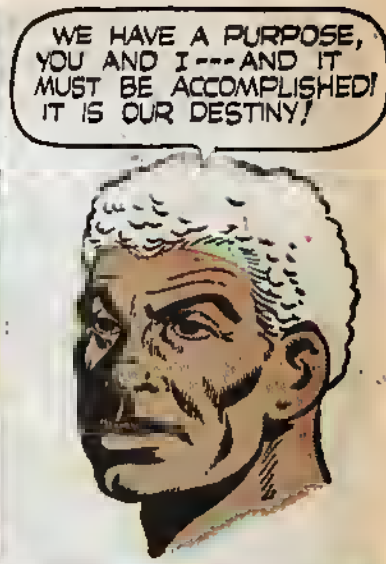
The NEXT MORNING---

I TRUST YOU
SLEPT WELL, BOY!

ER-- THERE
WAS A LITTLE
NOISE IN THE
CABIN!



Q QUESTION No. 6. Vachel Lindsay's Mumbo-Jumbo was god of what region?



I DID MY SHARE---
I ARRANGED TO HAVE
ZALO REPORTED AS
A JAP SPY, ALTHOUGH
HE WAS INNOCENT---
AS YOU VERY WELL
KNOW!

AH! IF THE JAPS
HAD WON THE WAR,
I WOULD HAVE
BEEN VERY WELL
REWARDED FOR
WHAT I DID FOR
THEM!

TRUE! BUT THE
ALLIES WON--AND
THEY GREW SUSPICIOUS
OF CERTAIN LEAKS
OF INFORMATION---
UNTIL I FRAMEO
KING ZALO FOR
YOUR CRIMES!

BUT ALL
TO NO AVAIL!
I STILL DO
NOT HAVE
THE THRONE!



PATIENCE!
AS LONG AS
ZALO IS
NOT HERE,
WHY DO
YOU
WORRY?

YES--
HE MUST
BE DEAD
BY NOW--
BUT---

AH!
YOU THINK
OF THE
SWORD!

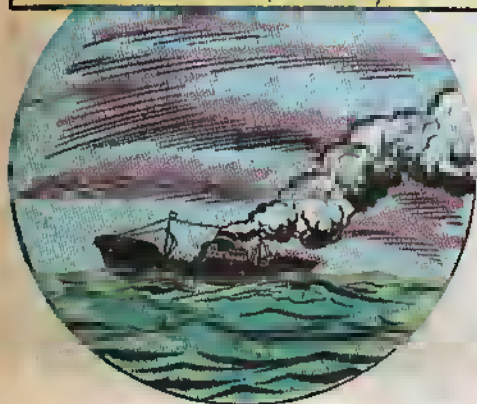
YES--
LEGENO
DECREES
IT SHALL
BELONG
ONLY TO
THE KING OF
ZALOLANO!
BUT WHERE IS
IT? WITHOUT IT
I CANNOT BE
KING!

IT WILL
TURN UP
AGAIN---
AND WHEN
IT DOES--

I SHALL
BE
KING!



SO THE TWO PLOT AND
SCHEME--BUT CLOSER AND
CLOSER TO THEIR ISLAND SAILS
THE SHIP BEARING THE RIGHTFUL
KING---AND HIS SWORD!

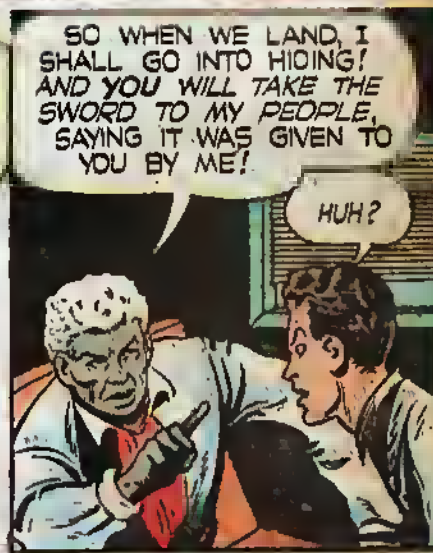
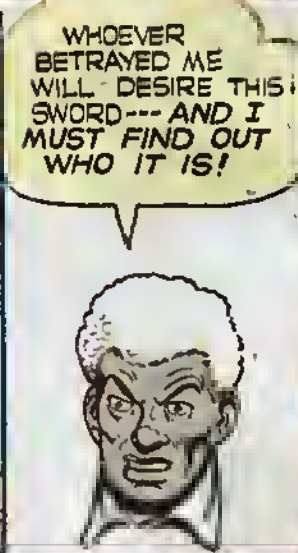
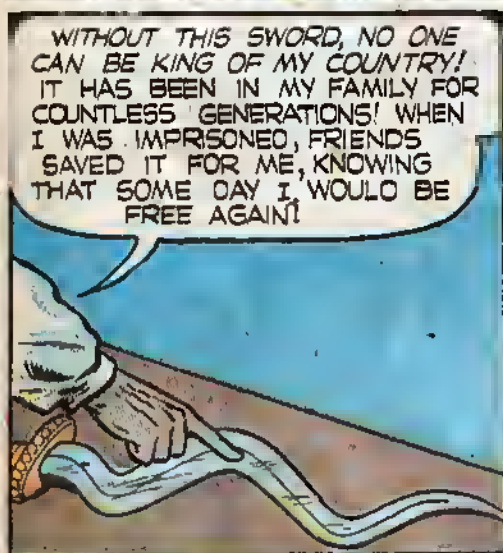
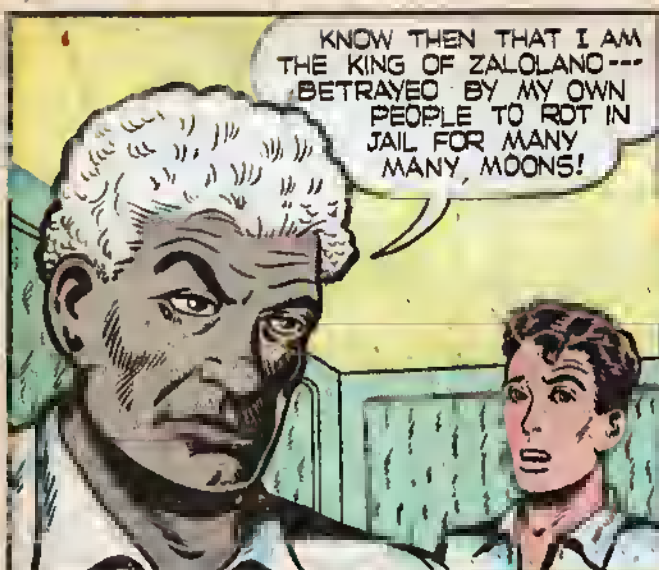


BOY! COME HERE!
IT IS TIME YOU LEARNED
SOMETHING OF THE TASK
YOU ARE TO DO!

YES, SIR!

YIPE!
THAT SWORD!

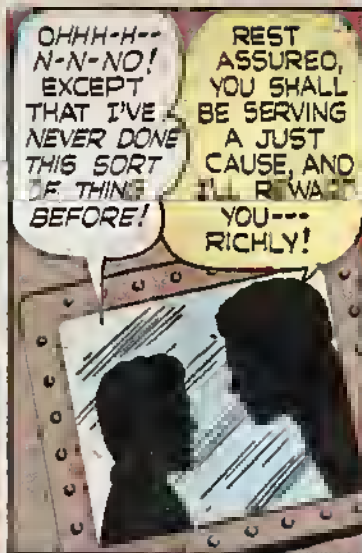






YOU MEAN--
I GO TO YOUR
PEOPLE AND
FACE THIS GALOOT
---ALONE?

YOU'RE
NOT
AFRAID,
ARE YOU,
BOY?



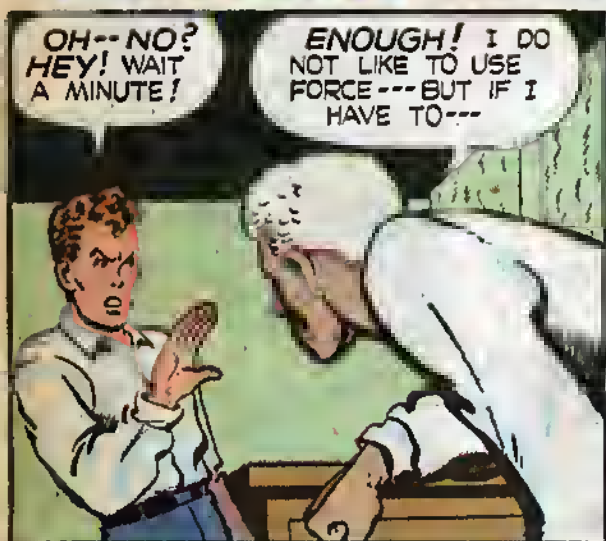
OHHH-H--
N-N-NO!
EXCEPT
THAT I'VE
NEVER DONE
THIS SORT
OF THING
BEFORE!

REST
ASSURED,
YOU SHALL
BE SERVING
A JUST
CAUSE, AND
I'LL REWARD
YOU---
RICHLY!



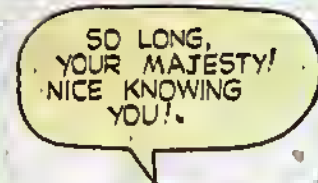
THAT'S
FINE! BUT
WHAT IF THEY
CATCH ON TO
ME-- WHAT'LL
THEY DO?

DEATH IS
SUDDEN, BOY!
YOU'LL FEEL
NOTHING---
SO IT MAKES
NO DIFFERENCE



OH-- NO?
HEY! WAIT
A MINUTE!

ENOUGH! I DO
NOT LIKE TO USE
FORCE--- BUT IF I
HAVE TO---



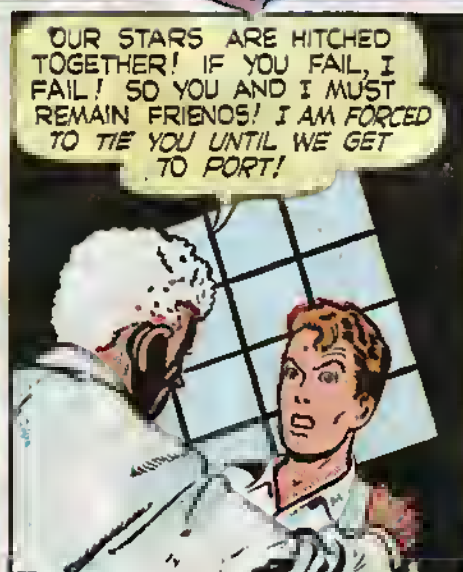
SO LONG,
YOUR MAJESTY!
NICE KNOWING
YOU!



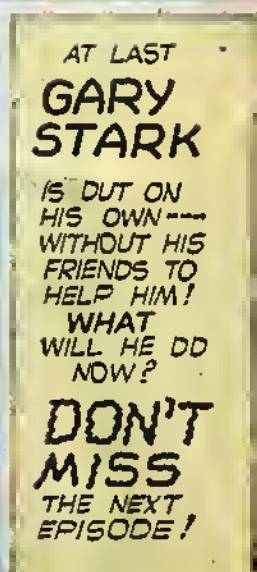
OH--SO?



IT IS
TO NO
AVAIL,
BOY!



OUR STARS ARE HITCHED
TOGETHER! IF YOU FAIL, I
FAIL! SO YOU AND I MUST
REMAIN FRIENDS! I AM FORCED
TO TIE YOU UNTIL WE GET
TO PORT!



AT LAST
**GARY
STARK**

IS OUT ON
HIS OWN---
WITHOUT HIS
FRIENDS TO
HELP HIM!
WHAT
WILL HE DO
NOW?

**DON'T
MISS
THE NEXT
EPISODE!**

BULL'S-EYE KID



Art by -
BERNARD KRIGSTEIN

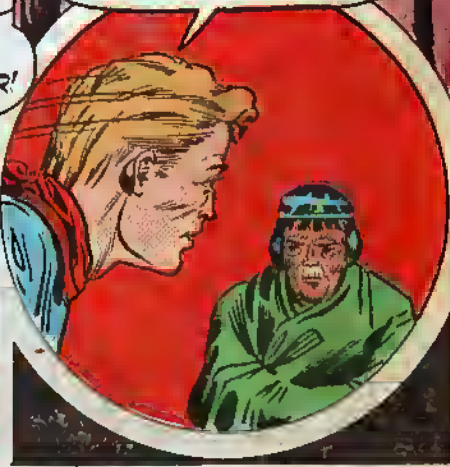
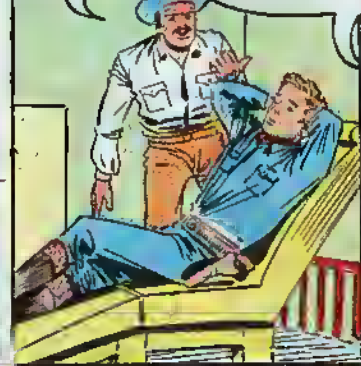
WHEN BULL'S-EYE BILL BATTLES TO SAVE A HELPLESS OLD INDIAN FROM LOSING HIS HOME, HE ALMOST LOSES HIS OWN LIFE!

BILL RETURNS TO HIS RANCH, ON A SHORT VACATION FROM THE PHOENIX RODEO ---

SOME INTJN, OLD AS THE HILLS, CLAIMS HE'S GOTTA SEE YUH, BILL. WANT ME TO SEND HIM PACKIN'?

PLEASE-- ME FRIEND OF GRANDFATHER!

JUMPIN' BUFFALO! IT'S OLD TOM BENTFEATHER! MY GRANDFATHER'S BEST PAL!



GOOD TO
SEE YOU, TOM!
IS ANYTHING
WRONG?

MUCH
WRONG,
YOUNG
BILL!
I NEED
HELP!

I'LL SURE
HELP YOU IF
I CAN, TOM!

GOOD! FOR
THIRTY YEARS
I LIVE PEACE-
FUL IN GREEN
CANYON. I OWN
LAND, RAISE
SHEEP!

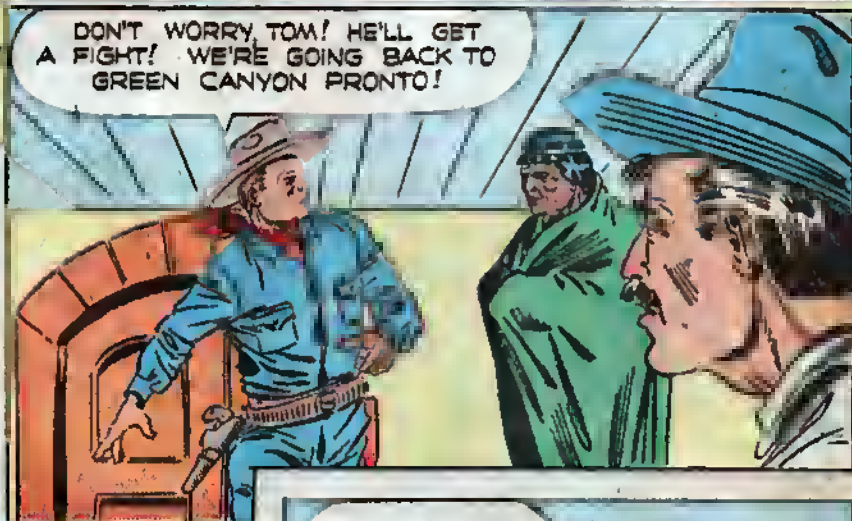
GREEN CANYON! THAT'S PLUMB UP IN
THE MOUNTAINS, NEAR THE NEW
DAM THEY'RE
BUILDIN'!

IT MY HOME! NOW
BAD MAN TRIES TO
STEAL IT!



JIM GULCH WANTS TO BUY
LAND. WHEN I SAY NO, HE
SAY HE BEAT ME, BURN
MY HOUSE! I TOO OLD
TO FIGHT!

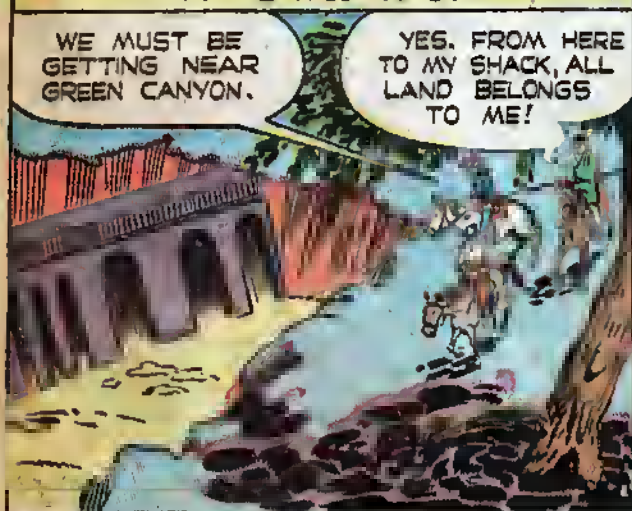
DON'T WORRY, TOM! HE'LL GET
A FIGHT! WE'RE GOING BACK TO
GREEN CANYON PRONTO!



HOURS OF HARD RIDING BRING THEM DEEP
IN THE MOUNTAINS.

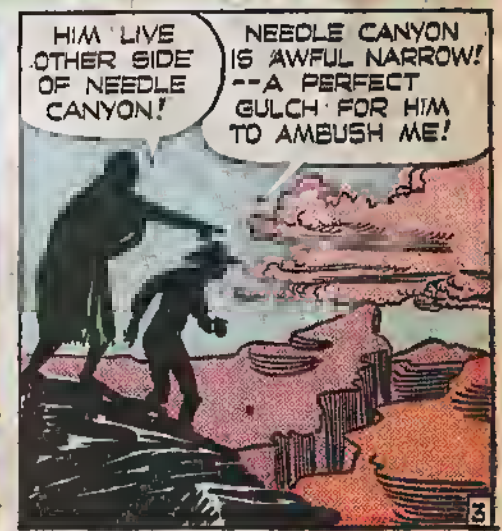
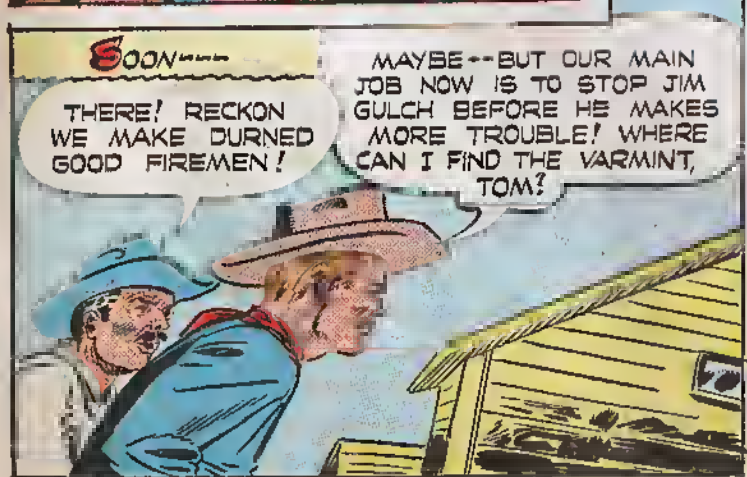
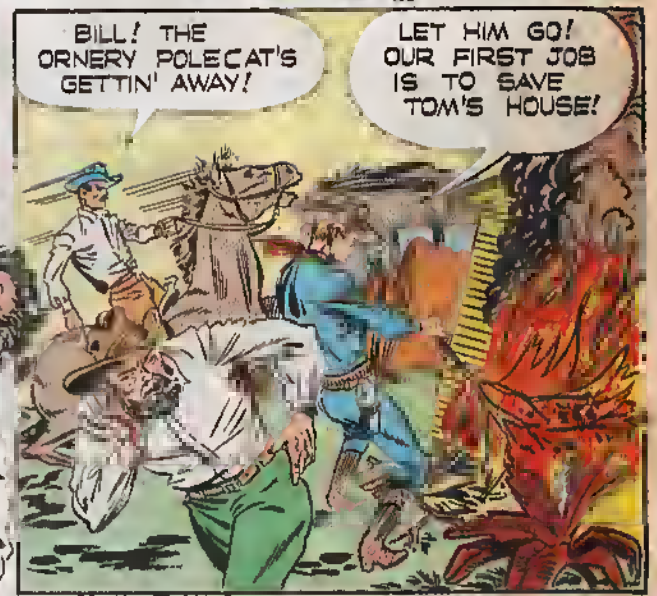
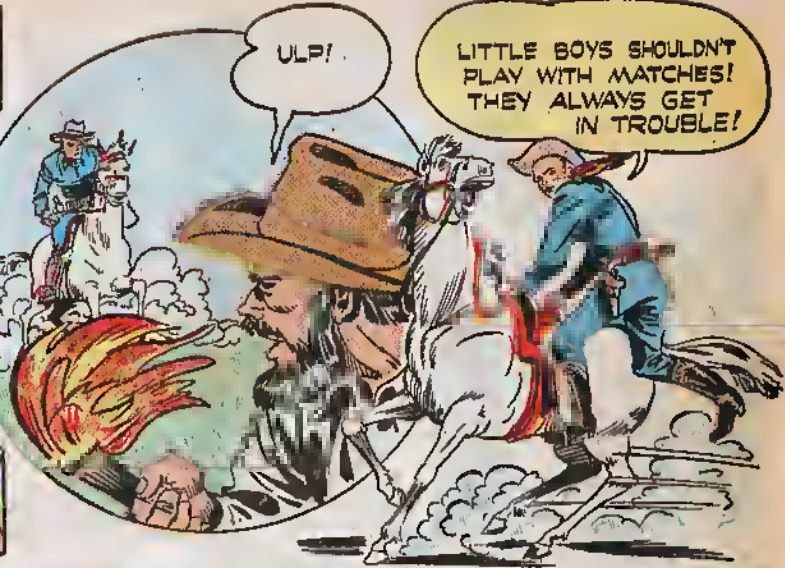
WE MUST BE
GETTING NEAR
GREEN CANYON.

YES. FROM HERE
TO MY SHACK, ALL
LAND BELONGS
TO ME!



LOOK!!!
MAN BURNING
MY HOME!





BUT WITH
THE USE OF
YOUR SHEEP
I CAN
ELIMINATE
THAT DANGER!

SHEEP!?

Meanwhile---

ONCE WE GET TOM'S
BODYGUARDS OUTA
THE WAY, THE INJUN'S
LAST HOPE WILL BE
GONE! HE'LL SIGN AWAY
HIS LAND FOR CHICKEN
FEED!

AND HOW
OO WE
GET
RID
OF
HIS
PALS

THEY'LL HAVE TO PASS THROUGH
NEEDLE CANYON--BUT WHEN THEY
OO, WE'LL BE UP ON TOP --
READY TO MAKE
A LANDSLIDE!

EVERYBODY
WILL THINK IT'S
AN ACCIDENT!

EVERYBODY
BUT
TOM---
AND HE'LL
BE SO
SCARED
HE'LL
GIVE IN!

LATER--- THEY'RE EXPECTING
TO SEE ME ON
HORSEBACK! BUT I'LL JUST
CROUCH DOWN AND WALK WITH
THE SHEEP RIGHT THROUGH
THE CANYON!

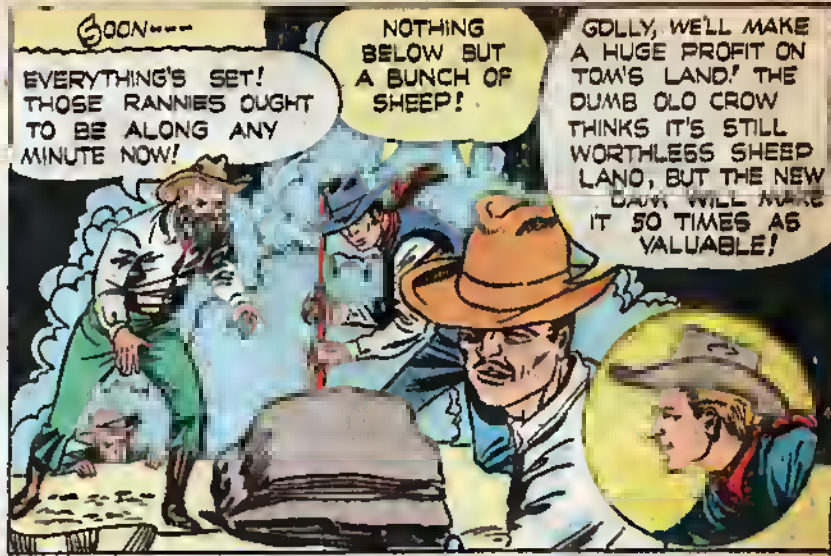
MIGHT WORK, BUT
IT'S TOO DOGGONE
RISKY! THEM SIDE-
WINDERS AIN'T GONNA
STOP SHORT OF
KILLING!

HOW OO
I
LOOK?

CAN'T
EVEN
SEE
YUH!

NOT SUSPECTING THE APPROACHING
SHEEP, JIM GULCH OPENLY WORKS
ATOP NEEDLE CANYON--AND BILL'S
SHARP EYES SPY HIM!

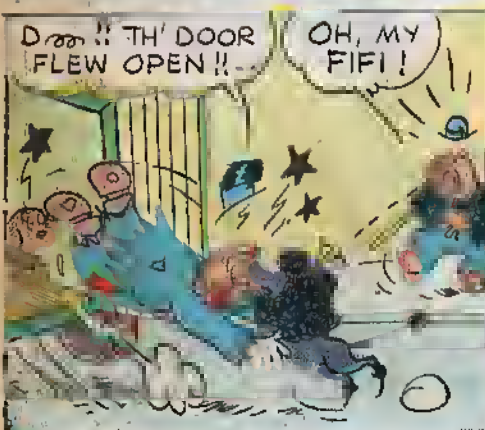
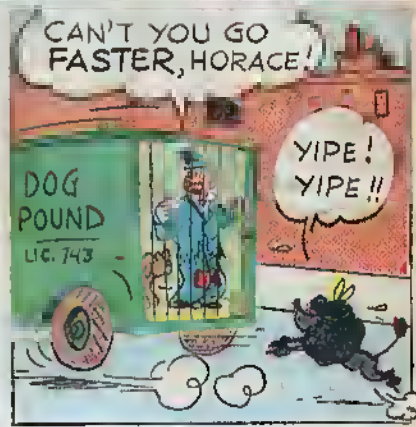
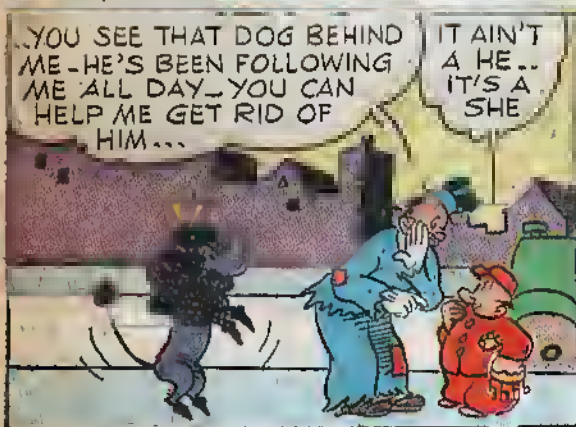
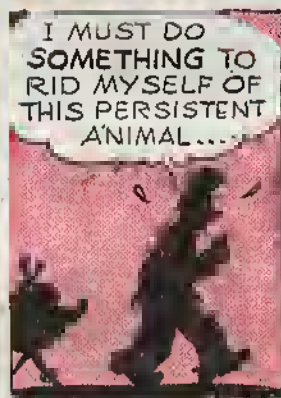
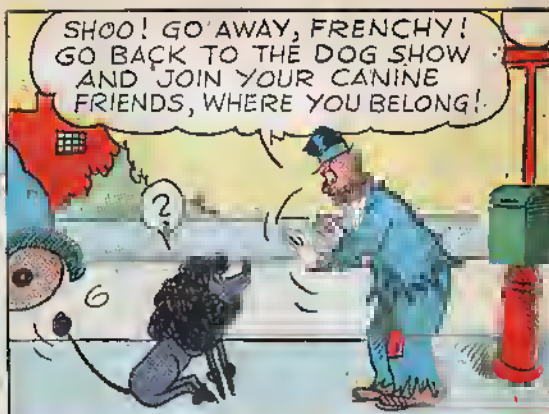
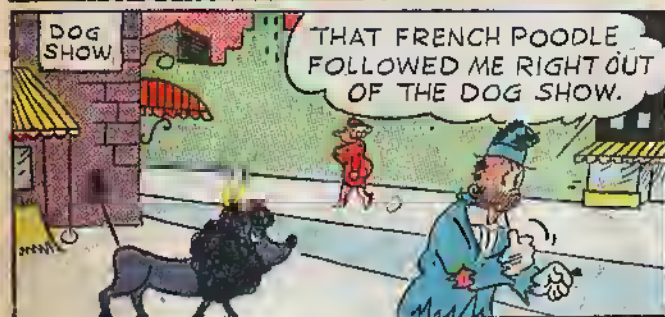
FIXING A SURPRISE, EH?
WELL, I CAN PLAY THAT
WAY TOO!



WITH GULCH OUT OF THE WAY, AND THE OTHER TWO TURNED OVER TO THE SHERIFF, BILL RETURNS TO TOM'S PLACE.



HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO



The T A R G E T

and the

T A R G E T E E R S

AN INNOCENT VACATION TO GET A-
WAY FROM THE HUM-
DRUM OF CITY LIFE?
THAT'S WHAT THE
TARGETEERS THOUGHT
UNTIL A STRANGE
CHAIN OF EVENTS
ALMOST ENDED
IN DISASTER FOR
TINA, ON THEIR.....
HOLIDAY OF
HORROR.



ONE HOT SUMMER DAY
IN THE TROUBLE-SHOOTERS'
AGENCY, NILES GETS AN IDEA...

WHAT A
SWELL DAY!
LET'S GO
ON A
VACATION!

THAT'S A
GRAND IDEA!
WE CAN GO
TO MY
MOTHER'S
FARM!

AFTER MAKING
THE ARRANGEMENTS...

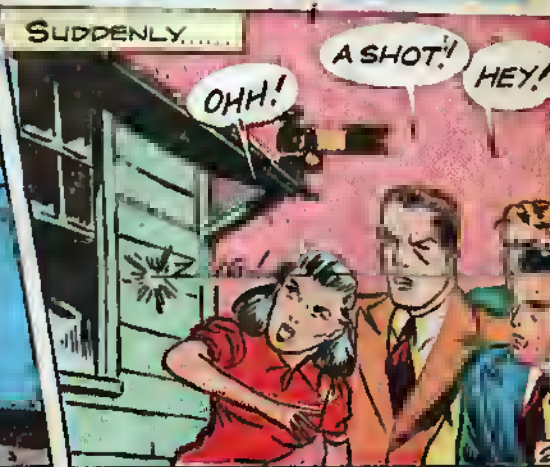
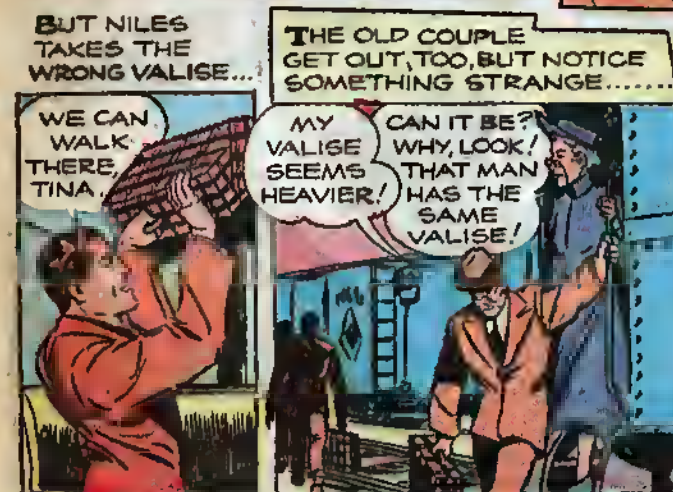
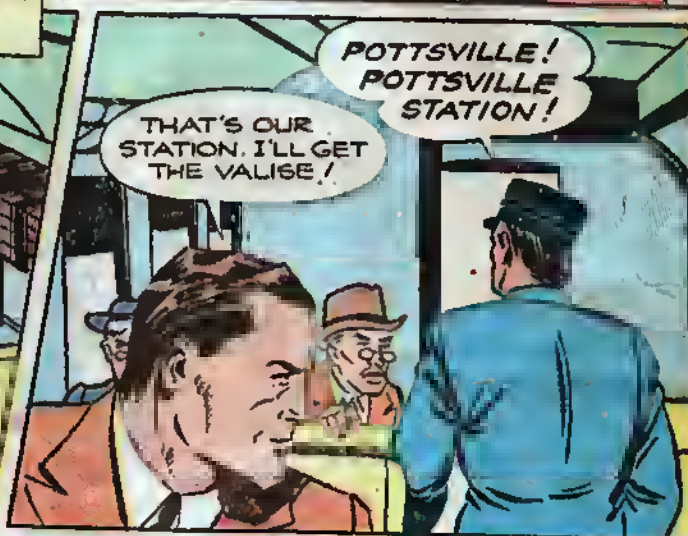
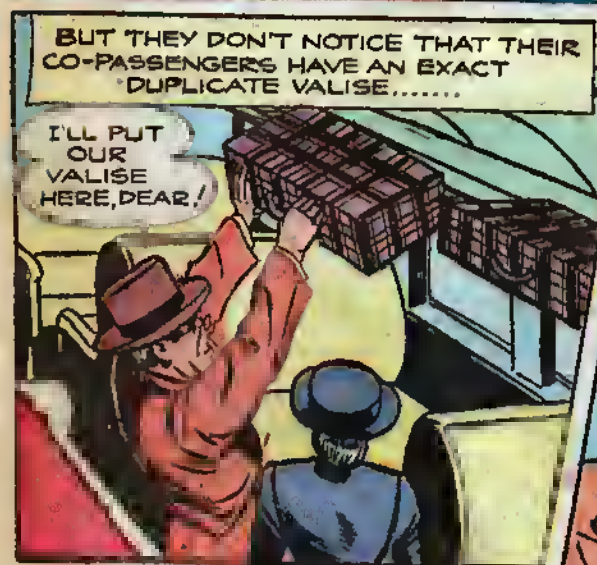
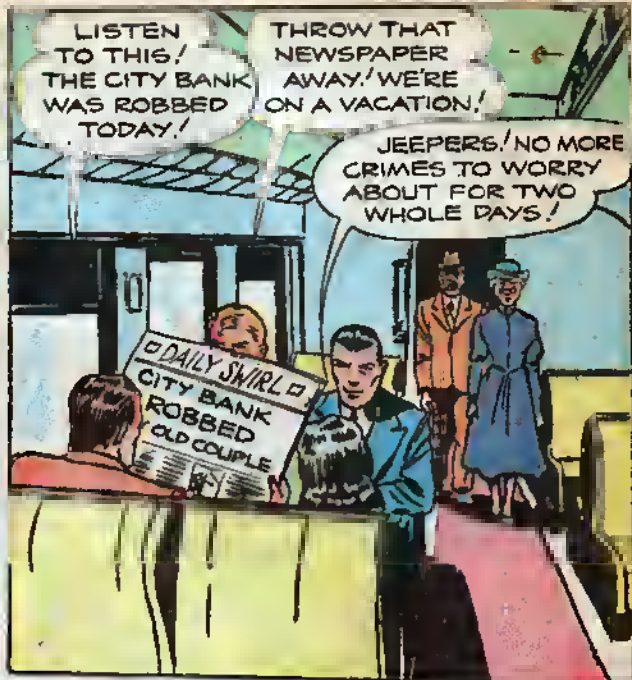
THEN IT'S SETTLED!
WE'LL MEET AT THE
STATION IN TWO HOURS!

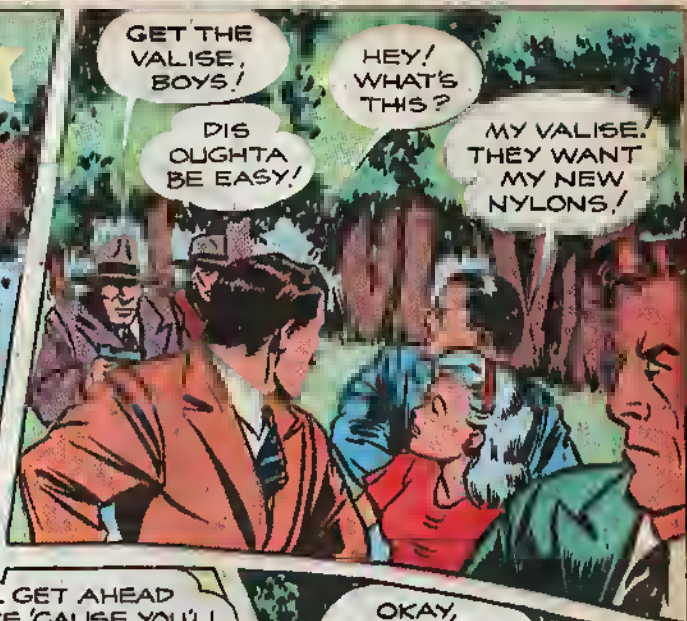
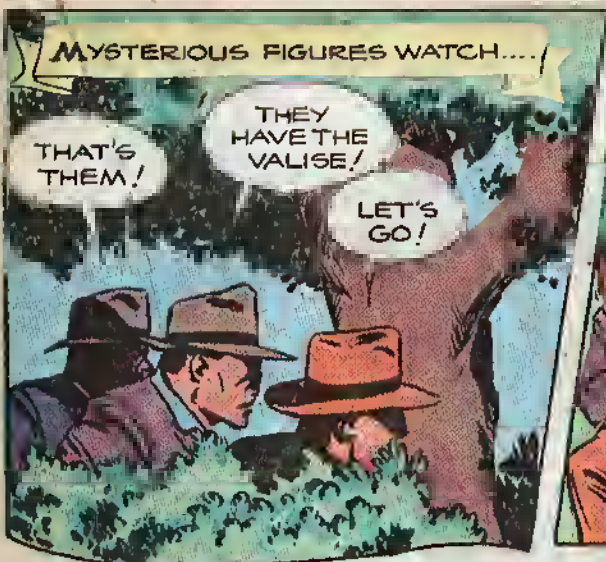
THERE'S
TINA NOW!

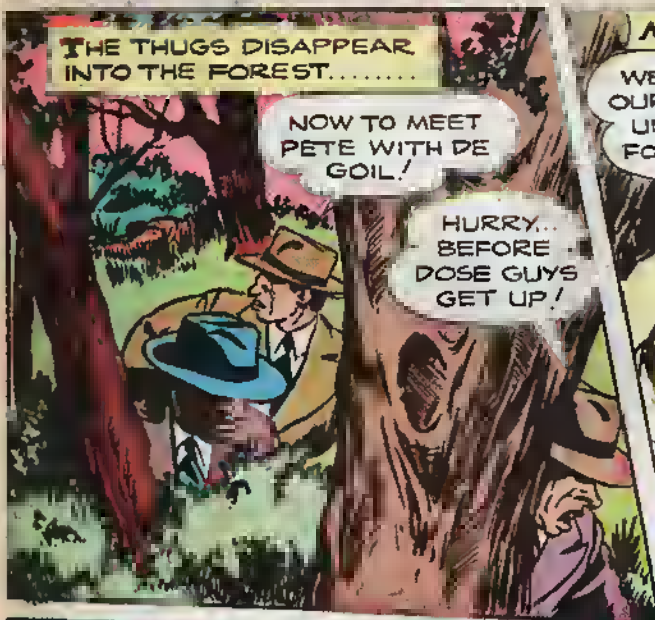
AND SHE'S GOT
A VALISE!

A WEEK'S CLOTHES
FOR A TWO-DAY
VACATION!









THE THUGS DISAPPEAR INTO THE FOREST.....

NOW TO MEET PETE WITH DE GOIL!

HURRY... BEFORE DOSE GUYS GET UP!



MOMENTS LATER...

WE'LL NEED OUR TARGET UNIFORMS FOR THIS!

THIS IS WHAT I CALL A "BUS-MAN'S HOLIDAY"!

I'M BEGINNING TO ENJOY IT!



FOOTPRINTS!

LET'S FOLLOW THEM!

LOOK! A FARMHOUSE OVER THERE!



IN THE FARMHOUSE, WE SEE TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES..

THE TARGETEERS! THEY'VE FOUND US!

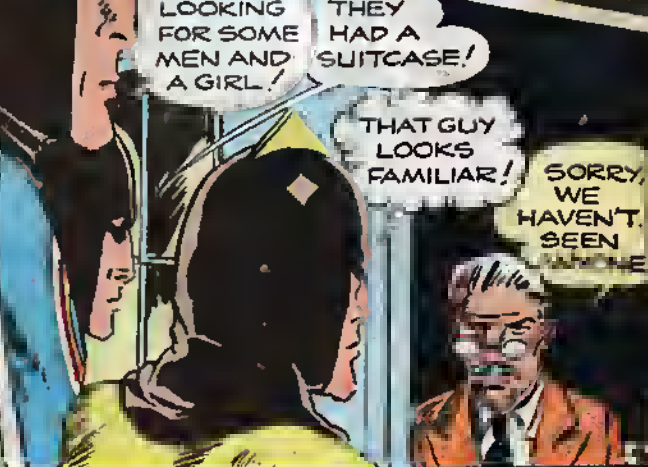
I'LL GET MY KNITTING OUT QUICK!



I WONDER WHO'S INSIDE!

LOOKS INNOCENT ENOUGH TO ME!

WE'D BETTER TRY ANYWAY!

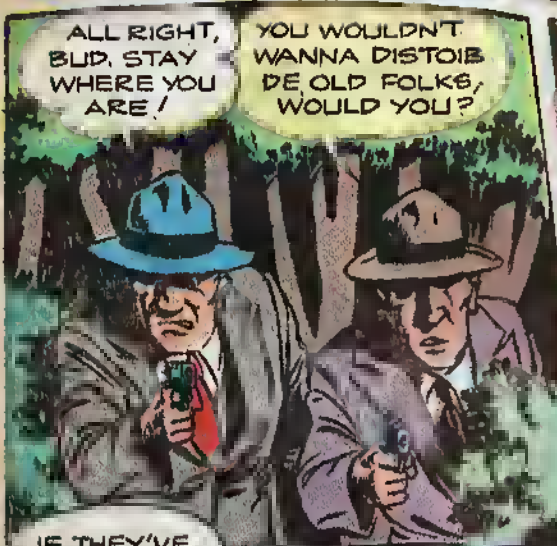
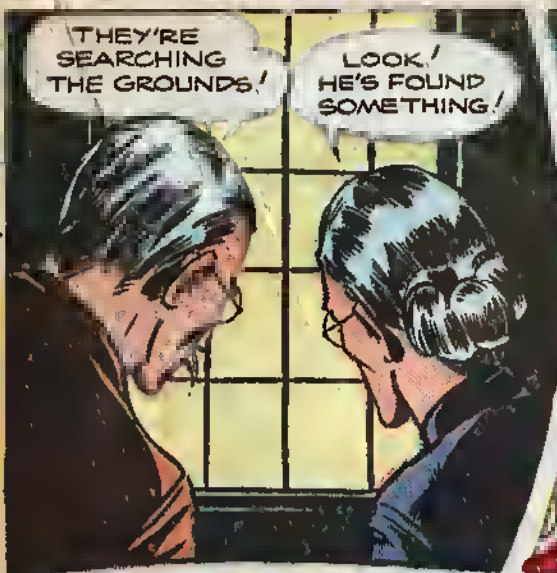


WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOME MEN AND A GIRL!

THEY HAD A SUITCASE!

THAT GUY LOOKS FAMILIAR!

SORRY, WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANYONE



BUT THE TARGETEERS ARE
TOO FAST FOR THEM.....

THEY SEE A TRAP DOOR....

TABLE
FOR TWO!

OUCH!

A
SCREAM
AGAIN!

THAT'S
TINA'S
VOICE!

YOU CAN'T
KICK ABOUT
THIS!

HAPPY
LANDING!

THE
TARGETEERS.

HOORAY!

HELP!

WHILE IN THE CELLAR.....

TOO BAD,
LADY, YOU
TOOK THE
WRONG
BAG!

NOW WE
GOTTA
DISPOSE
OF YOU
'CAUSE YOU
KNOW TOO
MUCH!

TINA EXPLAINS....

THEY WERE THE
BANK ROBBERS WE
READ ABOUT. WE
TOOK THEIR SUIT-
CASE FILLED WITH
MONEY, BY MISTAKE.

WHAT A VAC-
ATION!

HA, HA!
AND YOU
THOUGHT
THEY WERE
AFTER
YOUR NYLONS.

I'M SURE
GLAD TO
SEE
YOU!

AS WE ALWAYS
SAY TO INSURANCE
AGENTS, "I'M ALL
TIED UP."

POLICE
PATROL

FLASH FLOOD!

by

J. GILL

"NOW, you got it straight? If the water gets any higher when you get to the river, I want you to turn back!"

"I understand . . . see you next run!" Jim McCall nodded to the head dispatcher and went out into the clamor and hubbub of the big bus terminal. He crossed over to the loading ramp and nodded to the announcer.

"Number 17, express, leaving for Detropolis in three minutes, loading at ramp three!" The announcement echoed through the station.

Jim took his station at the open door of the bus and collected tickets from the seven passengers bound for Detropolis. He checked his watch and swung aboard. The huge motor roared to life and, after a quick scanning of oil and gas gauges, Jim shifted to low and eased the clutch in.

There was a frantic tapping on the glass-paneled door just as the bus started to move, and Jim hit the brakes. He flipped the switch to open the door, and another passenger got on. The man paid cash for his ticket, explaining that he didn't have time to get one at the window.

Jim kept a heavy foot on the gas and smiled happily because there was little or no traffic to hold him up. Flood or no flood, if it were humanly possible, he was going to bring No. 17 into Detropolis on time. He smiled again as he thought of his reasons. He knew that the dispatcher had hated handing him the assignment. But if he hadn't gotten the job, Jim guessed he would have been on the bus anyway, even if he'd had to buy a ticket.

He checked the passengers in the big rear view mirror. There were two women, both nervous because of the rain, and the rest were men. The passenger who had boarded the bus at the last moment was impatient, smiling when Jim made good time and frowning when Jim had to slow down. He was in a hurry too.

Jim straightened a little in his seat when the road swung parallel to the river. It was high; the water was nearly level with the road. He grimaced when he thought of the low stretch ahead. Maybe he'd have to turn back after all. But not until he made an awfully good attempt first, he vowed.

The bus roared around a curve and skidded to a quick stop. Jim whistled when he saw the water covering the highway, a good foot deep. He opened the door and jumped down into the water, flinching at the chill. He slogged forward, stamping the concrete to see if it was weakened or cracked.

Standing in the water in the rain, he weighed his chances. The road was good, and he knew that if he were alone or driving his own car he'd go on. But his first duty was to the passengers. He shook his head and climbed back into the bus.

The passengers watched him tensely, some afraid that he'd try to get through, others afraid that he wouldn't. Jim cleared his throat and shoved his hat back. "Sorry, folks. Can't risk it. We're going back!"

He took his seat behind the wheel and started backing up. He saw the little man get up and walk forward, but he didn't guess his intention in time.

"That's what you think, Mac!" The man's voice quavered on a note of desperation, and the hard, round barrel shook in his hand. We're going to Detropolis if I have to drive!

This thing I'm holdin' ain't a bow an' arrow!"

Jim froze in his seat, then nodded his agreement. He swung the bus to the middle of the road and started moving slowly through the water. But the little man jabbed the muzzle in his back. "We're gettin' there today! Get goin'! I'm in a hurry!"

The rain was stopping now, and Jim was fairly sure that the concrete was good all the way. He knew that he couldn't be held responsible for the passenger's action, so he began picking up speed. The yellow flood water rose in sheets of spray as the bus roared down the flooded road.

Jim was beginning to feel better, when he suddenly rounded a turn. Another five minutes, he figured, they'd be on high ground. But as he rounded the turn, he braked sharply. A telephone pole was sagging across the road, completely blocking it from shoulder to shoulder.

The little man staggered when the brakes took hold, then left his feet completely as Jim braked more sharply. Jim started to grab his arm but drew back before the passenger saw the move. The man staggered to his feet.

"Wise guy, huh? Don't tell me yuh stopped for that toothpick! C'mon, push it off the road!"

Jim nodded. "Anything you say, pal!" He knew that his orders called for phon-

ing in a spot like this, but he wasn't his own boss. He smiled. This time the choice wasn't his.

He put the bus in gear and gently humped the pole. The headlight on the left side smashed but the pole groaned, then broke completely, and the bus was past. Again he felt the round barrel in his ribs, and the passenger growled impatiently. "Now, get goin'—an' fast!"

Jim took the dapper passenger's warning to heart. As the bus roared along he again checked the passengers in the mirror. They were all seated, clutching the seats to keep from bouncing out. His unwanted adviser was standing at Jim's right shoulder, more relaxed now that things were going his way.

Jim acted then. He jammed on the brakes and pandemonium broke loose. The tortured tires shrieked and the women answered with screams. Jim was thrown across the big wheel just as the dapper little character hurtled over his shoulder and crashed into the thick glass windshield. Jim nodded grimly as the man slumped to the floor, blood streaming from a cut on his head.

Minutes later, the bus pulled into the Detropolis terminal. Driver and passengers were almost instantly surrounded by bus company executives and the local police. The latter identi-

fied the unconscious passenger as a recently escaped convict, a notorious swindler.

"Fine work, McCall! Great piece of driving but it's too bad you didn't know he had a fake gun! The police tell me he fooled you with his pipe stem! Might've saved you a nasty bit of driving!" Jim's boss shook his driver's hand endlessly, promising a raise and promotion. But Jim wanted to cut it short.

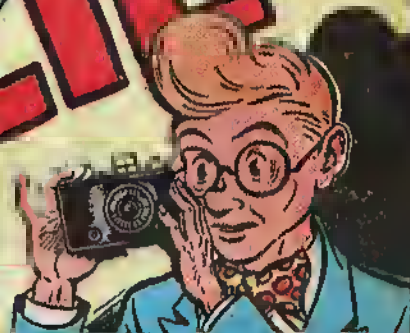
"I didn't mind the driving, honestly, sir! I gotta go... excuse me!" He wrenched his hand loose from his bewildered boss and hurried through the terminal. Running down the street, he turned into a large building not far away. Outside a door off a long hall, he paused and removed his hat.

The nurse saw him as he slowly opened the door. She held her finger to her lips and nodded to indicate that his wife was asleep. Jim thrilled at the sight of the tiny bundle in the nurse's arms. She held it out for his inspection and whispered, "Congratulations, it's a boy!"

Jim smiled happily. Things had worked out exactly right. When he'd made the first sharp stop, he'd seen the pipe stem in the passenger's hand, but decided to ignore it. He wanted to get to Detropolis as badly as anyone. Besides, everyone knows that the customer is always right!

CANDID CHARLIE

DRAWN BY
BOB Q. SIEGE

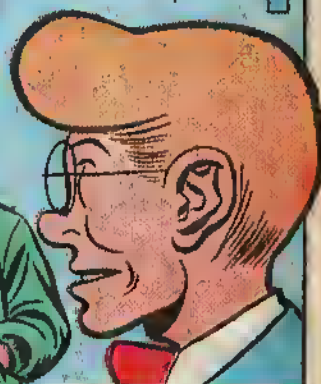
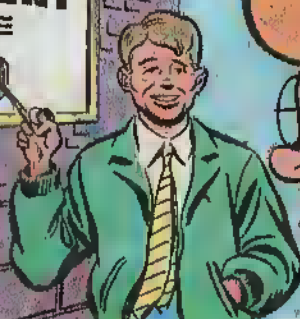


MAC BOLES, FAVORED TO WIN THE BIG BOWLING TOURNAMENT, ASKS HIS FRIEND CHARLIE TO TAKE PICTURES OF IT...NOT REALIZING CHARLIE IS FATEO TO SCORE THE BIGGEST STRIKE OF ALL IN THE ENO!

LENSVILLE BOWLING ALLEY
TODAY
BOWLING TOURNAMENT
FIRST PRIZE
\$1000

I SURE HOPE I WIN! THAT FIRST PRIZE COULD SET ME UP IN BUSINESS!

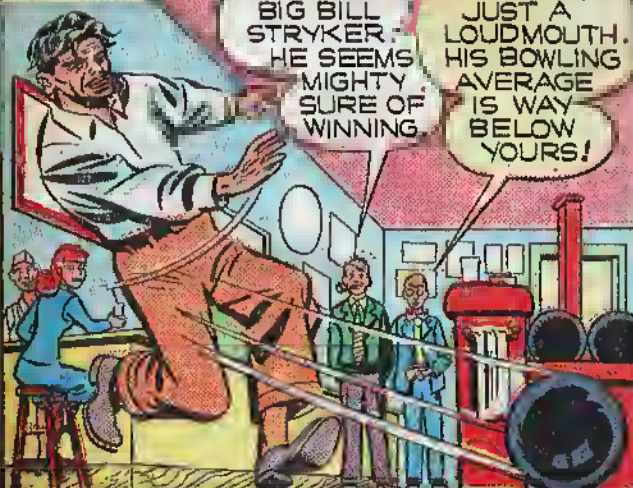
DON'T WORRY, MAC! EVERYBODY KNOWS YOU'RE THE BEST BOWLER IN TOWN!



INSIDE...

THAT'S BIG BILL STRYKER. HE SEEMS MIGHTY SURE OF WINNING.

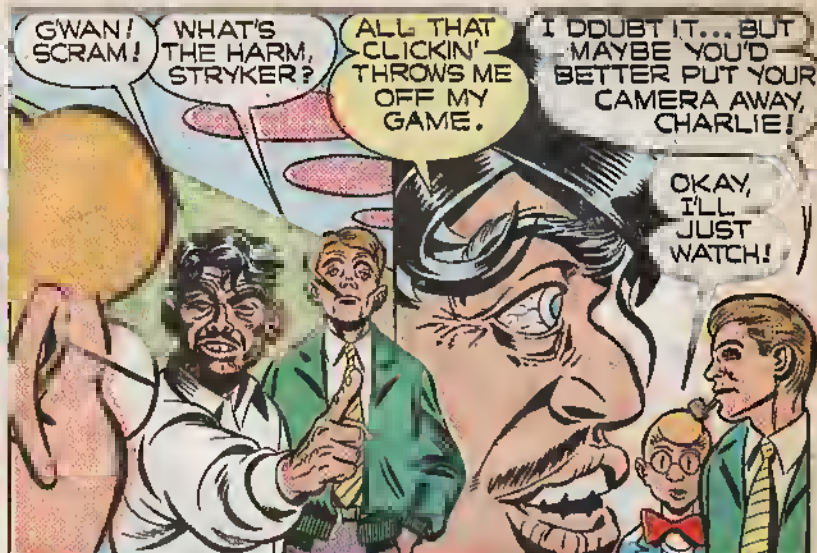
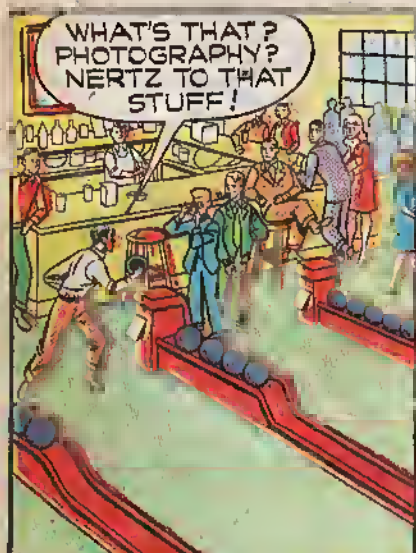
AW, HE'S JUST A LOUDMOUTH. HIS BOWLING AVERAGE IS WAY BELOW YOURS!



AH! I'M IN GOOD FORM TODAY! I'LL WALK AWAY WITH FIRST PRIZE!

I MIGHT AS WELL GET STARTED.

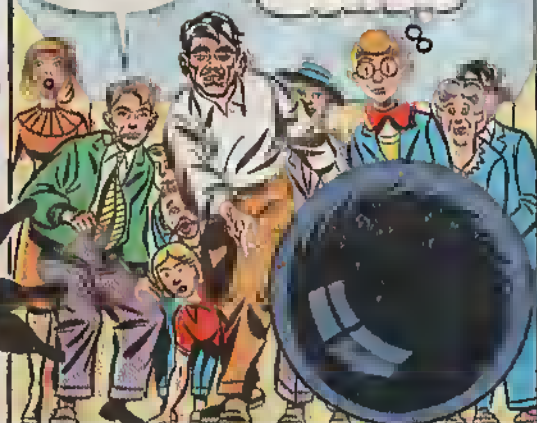




SURPRISING
EVERYBODY,
STRYKER
BOWLS A
GREAT
GAME,
GETTING
STRIKE
AFTER
STRIKE!

WOW!
ANOTHER
STRIKE! HE'S
WAY AHEAD
OF ME!

EVERYBODY'S
WATCHING STRYKER.
THEY'LL NEVER
NOTICE ME TAKING
A FEW PIX!

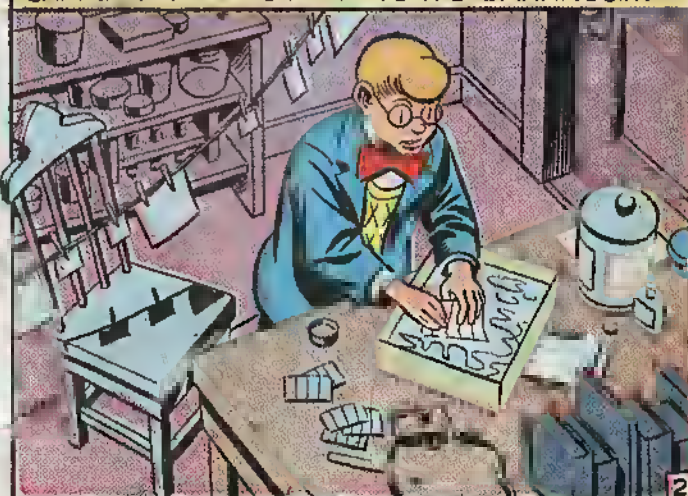


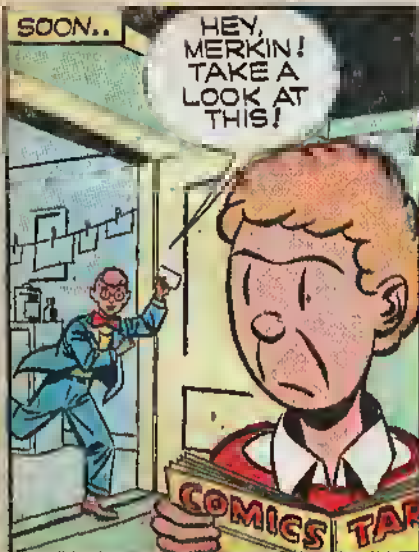
GEE! I'LL
NEVER
WIN NOW!

BUCK UP, MAC.
MAYBE HE'LL BLOW
UP TOMORROW.
SEE YOU THEN.



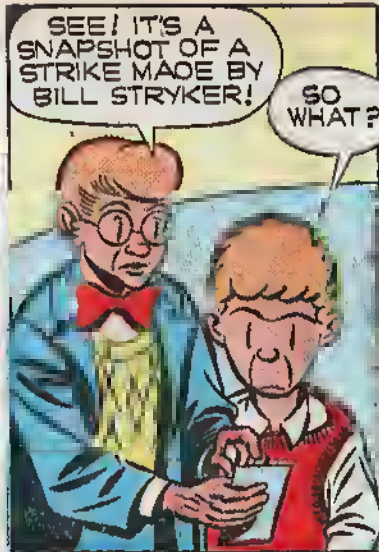
CHARLIE HURRIES HOME TO HIS DARKROOM.





SOON...

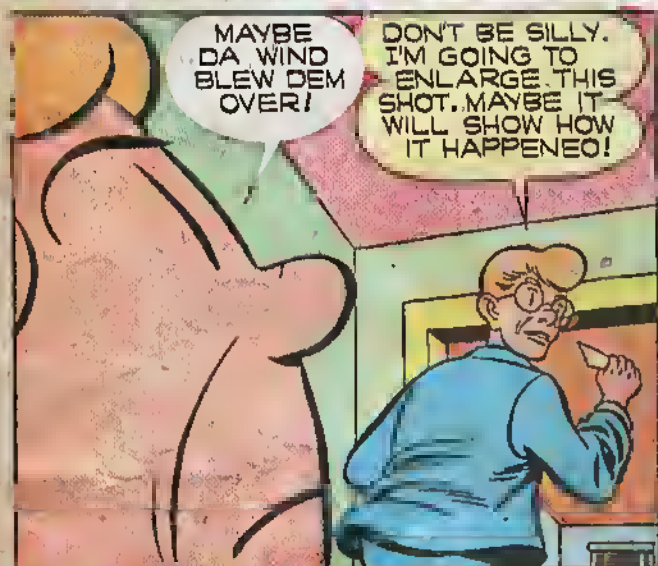
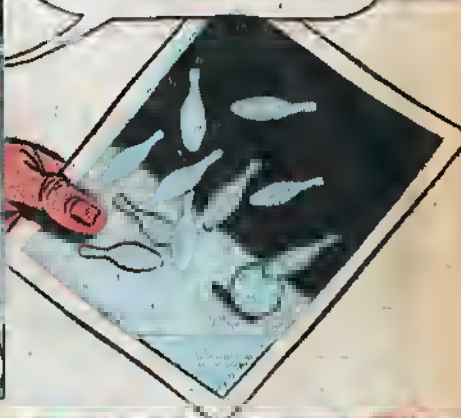
HEY, MERKIN! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!



SEE! IT'S A SNAPSHOT OF A STRIKE MADE BY BILL STRYKER!

SO WHAT?

LOOK CLOSER! ORINARILY A BALL SO FAR TO THE SIDE WOULD KNOCK DOWN ONLY A FEW PINS... YET HERE ALL OF THEM ARE FALLING DOWN!



MAYBE DA WIND BLEW DEM OVER!

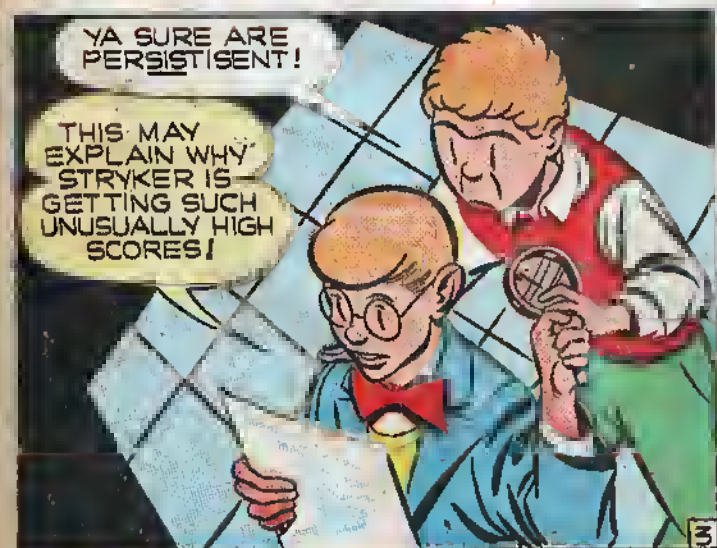
DON'T BE SILLY. I'M GOING TO ENLARGE THIS SHOT. MAYBE IT WILL SHOW HOW IT HAPPENEO!



SOON...

NOPE! IT STILL DON'T SHOW NOTHIN'!

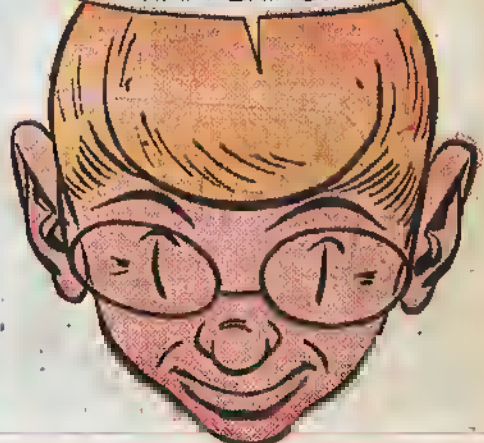
HMM...MERKIN, GET ME THE MAGNIFYING GLASS.

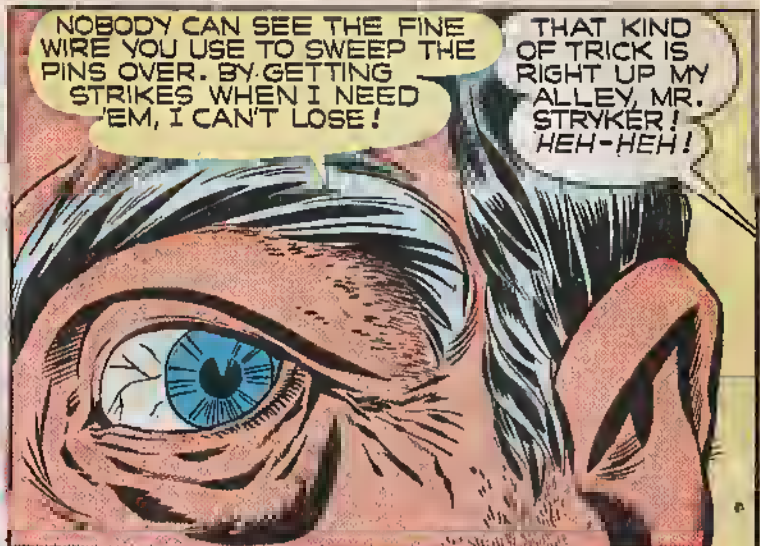
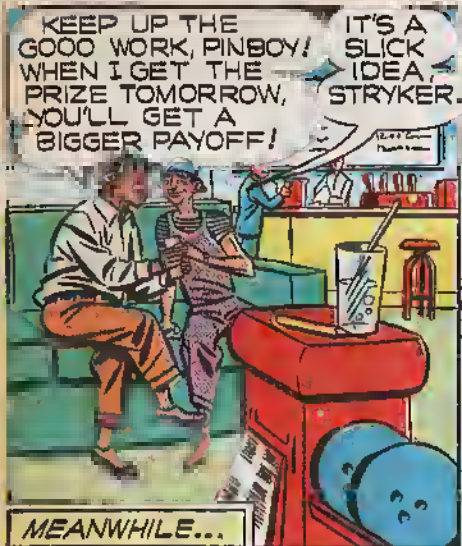


YA SURE ARE PERSISTENT!

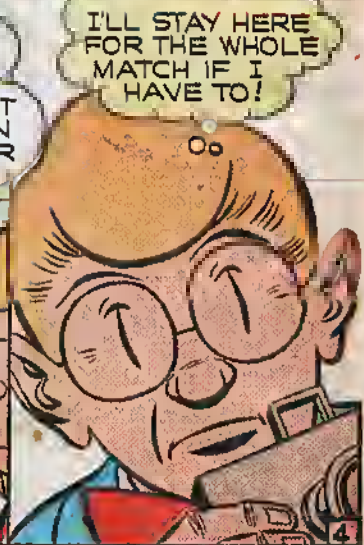
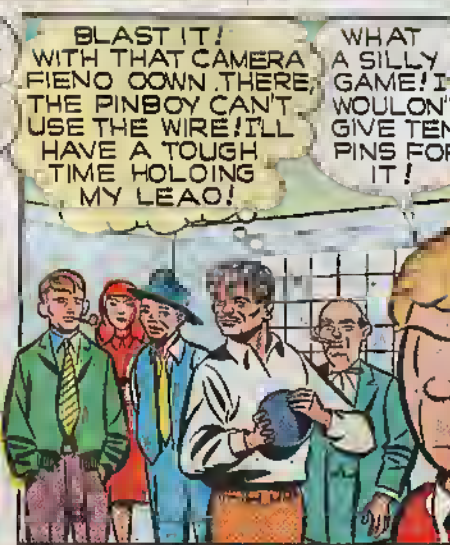
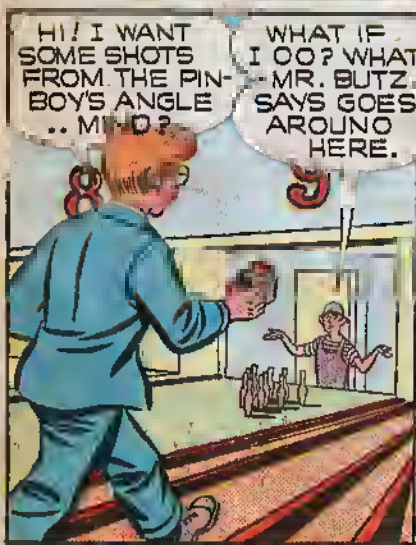
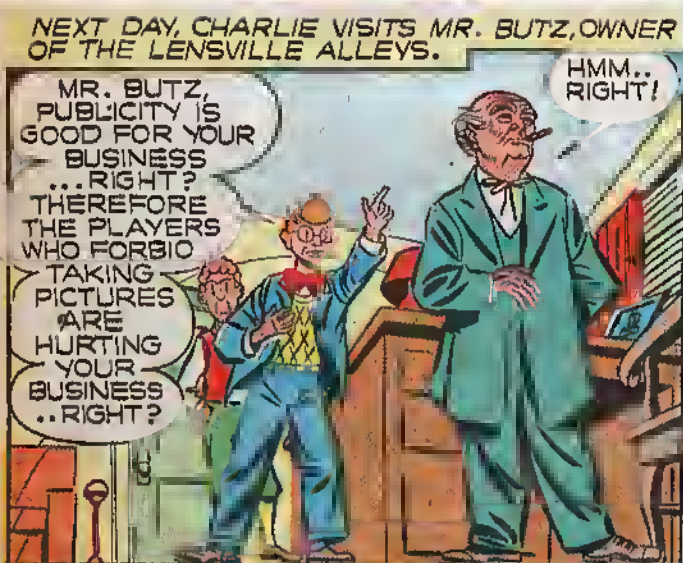
THIS MAY EXPLAIN WHY STRYKER IS GETTING SUCH UNUSUALLY HIGH SCORES!

GOLLY! I SEE A TINY, FUZZY LINE! SEEMS TO BE TRIPPING THE PINS OVER! BUT IT'S AWFUL VAGUE.. CAN'T BE SURE WHAT'S REALLY HAPPENING!





MEANWHILE...



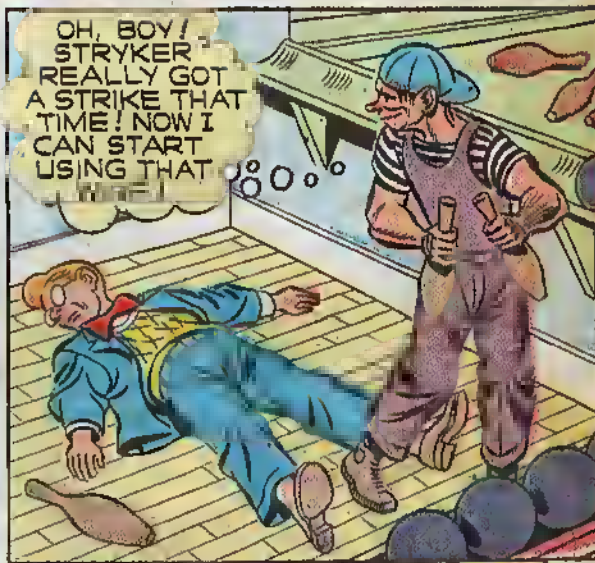
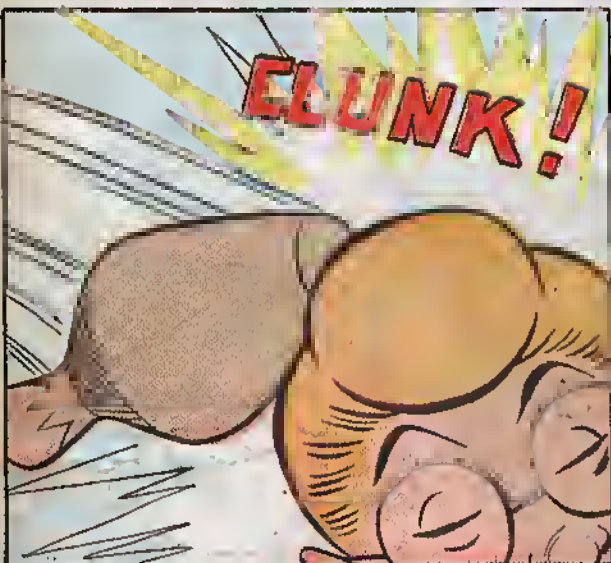
QUESTION No. 13. What kind of tie is Mr. Butz wearing?

WAITING PATIENTLY TO SEE THE TRICK, CHARLIE PREVENTS ITS USE. STRYKER RAPIDLY LOSES HIS LEAD.

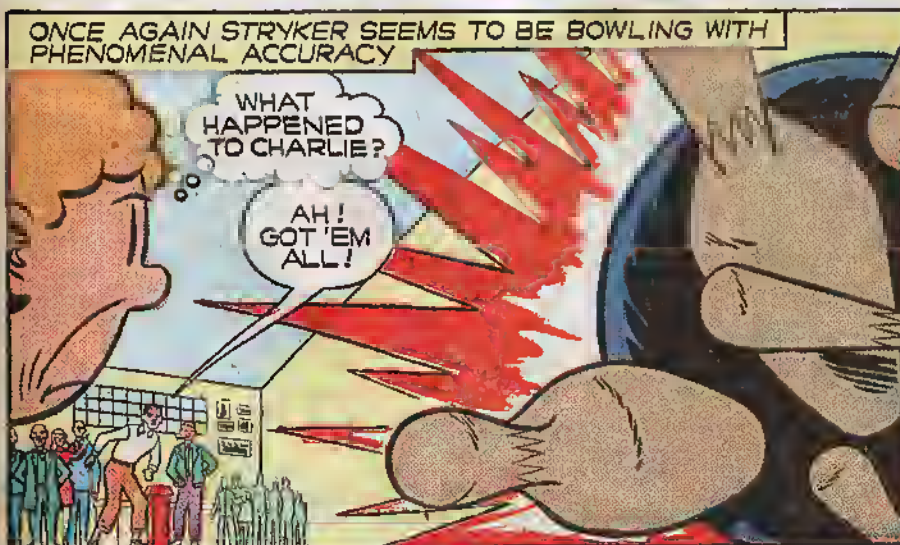
ONLY A FEW FRAMES TO GO, STRYKER...AND YOU'RE ONLY A FEW FRAMES AHEAD!

GOLLY! MAYBE I'LL WIN AFTER ALL!

THAT CAMERA NUT MAY COST ME A THOUSAND BUCKS! I'D LIKE TO CRACK HIS SKULL OPEN!



OH, BOY! STRYKER REALLY GOT A STRIKE THAT TIME! NOW I CAN START USING THAT

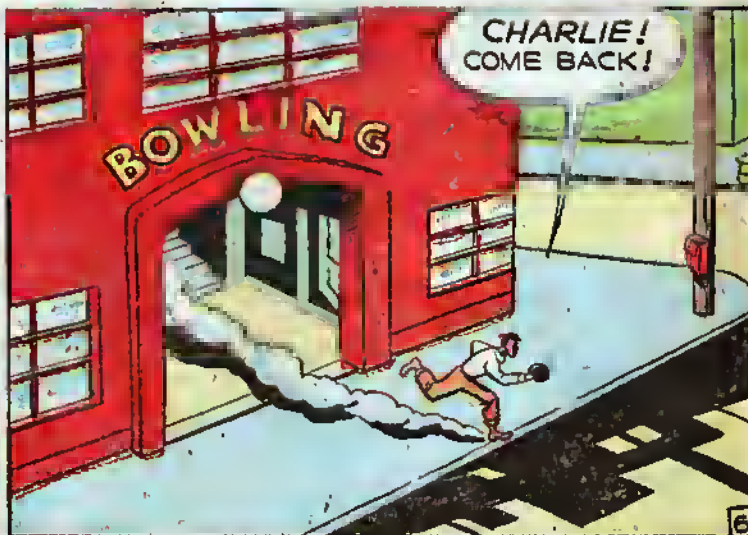
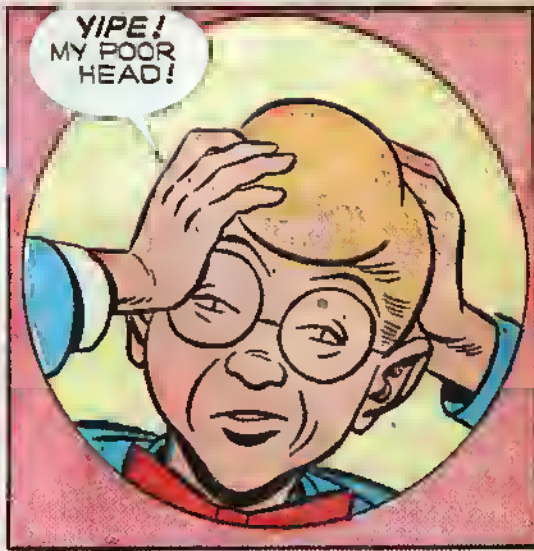
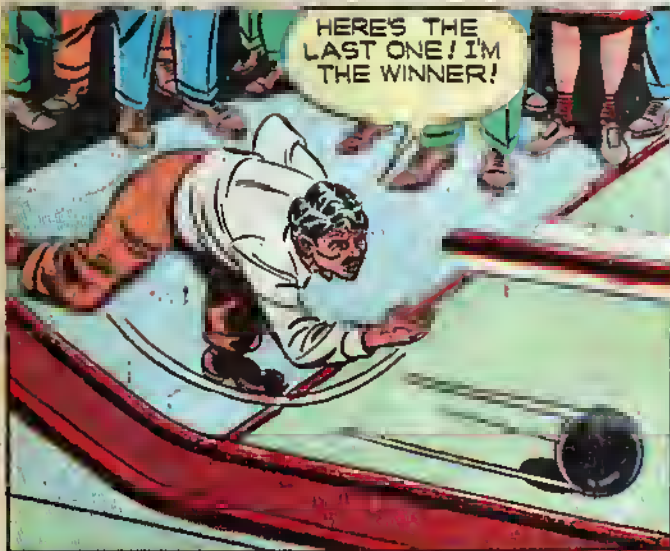


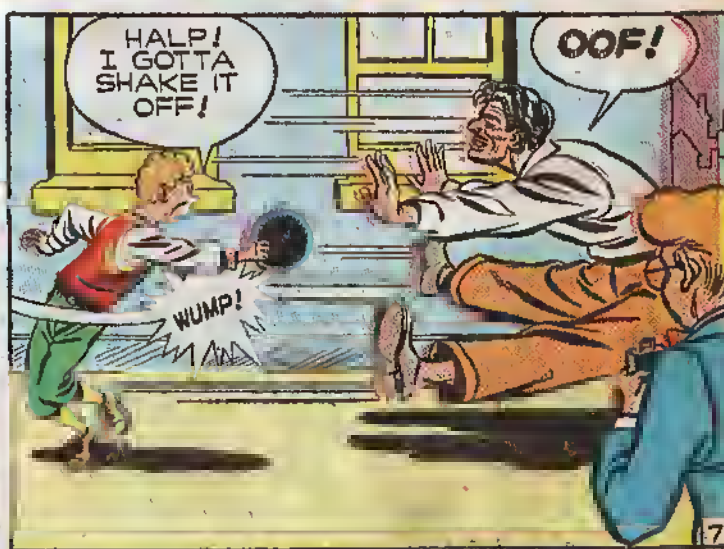
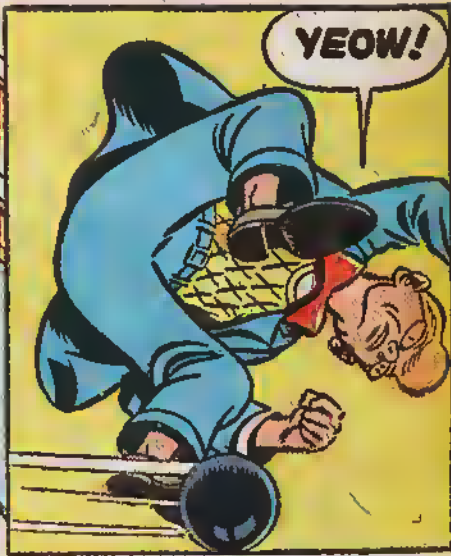
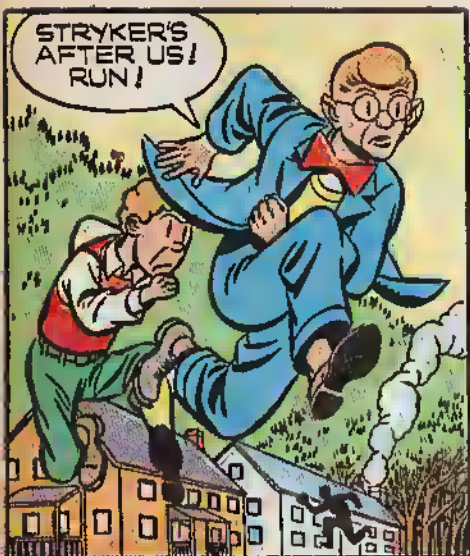
ONCE AGAIN STRYKER SEEMS TO BE BOWLING WITH PHENOMENAL ACCURACY

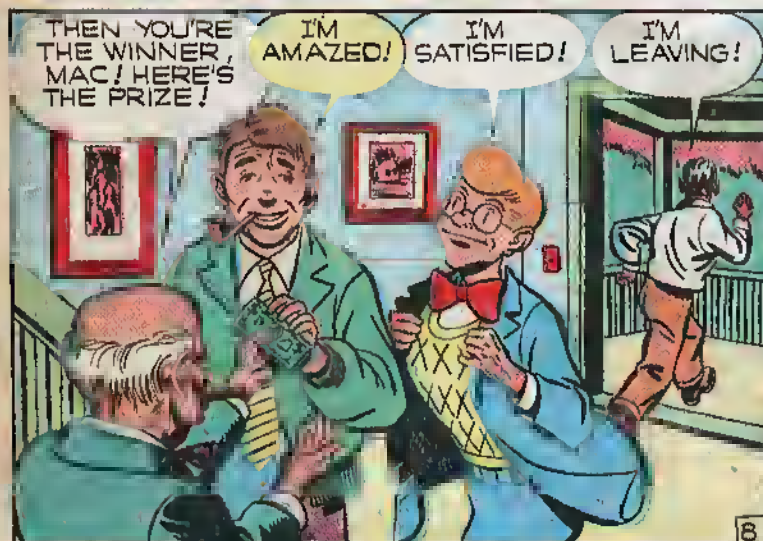
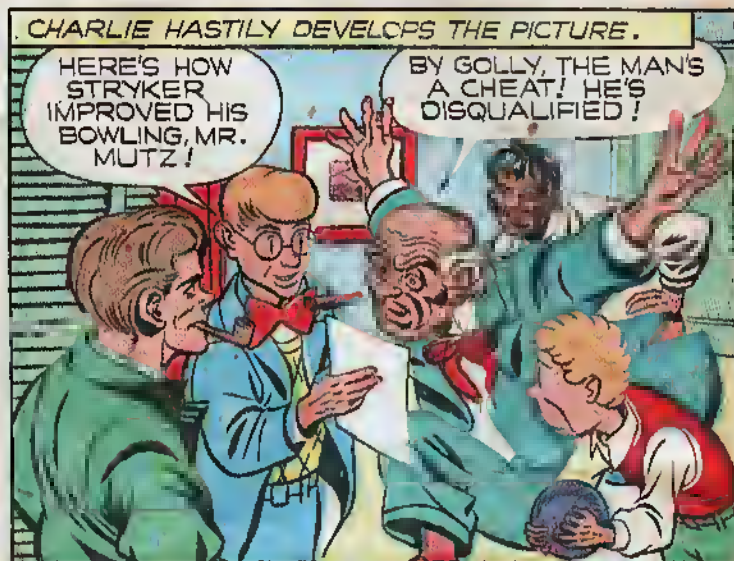
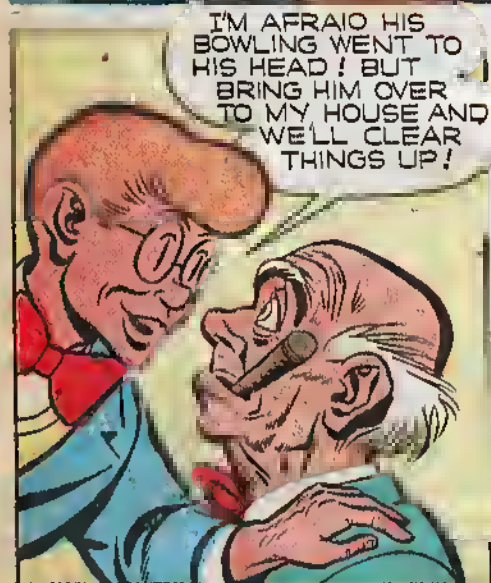
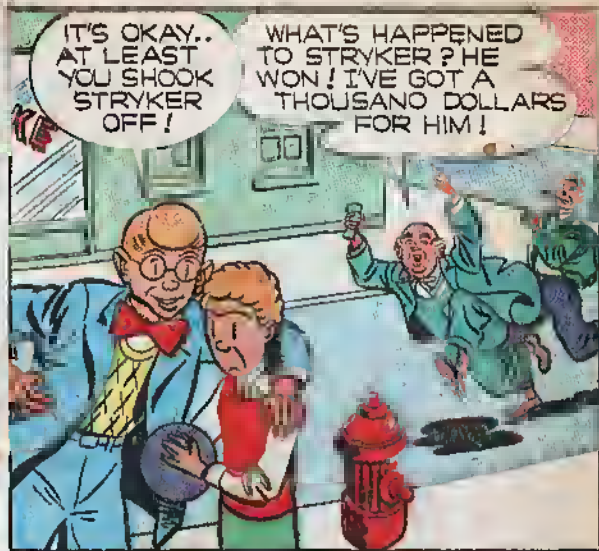
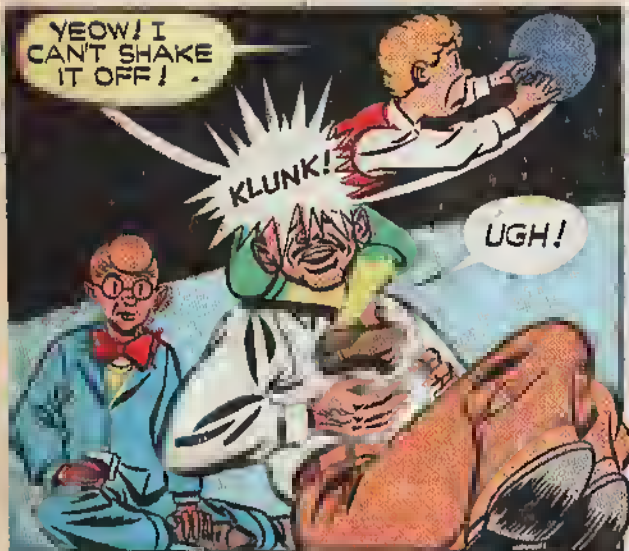
WHAT HAPPENED TO CHARLIE?

AH! GOT 'EM ALL!

SHUCKS! I CAN'T POSSIBLY CATCH UP NOW!









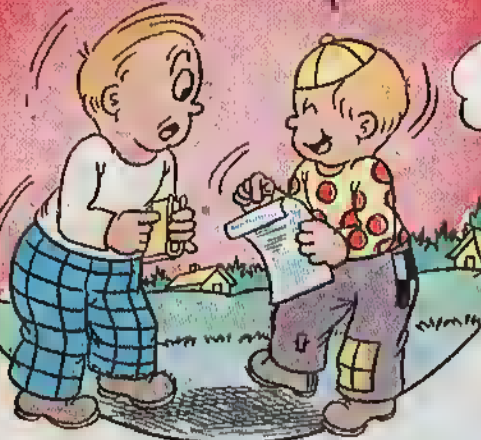
TARGETOONS

by
MILT HAMMER



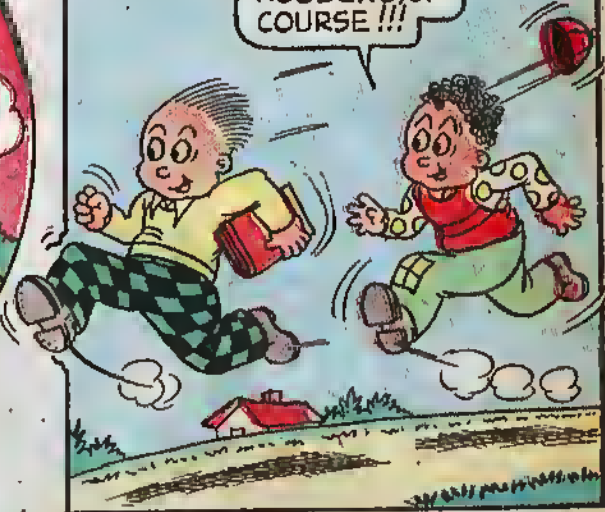
WOT D'YA MEAN YOU GET DIZZY
READING THAT LETTER, HUH??

IT'S A CIRCULAR
LETTER !!!



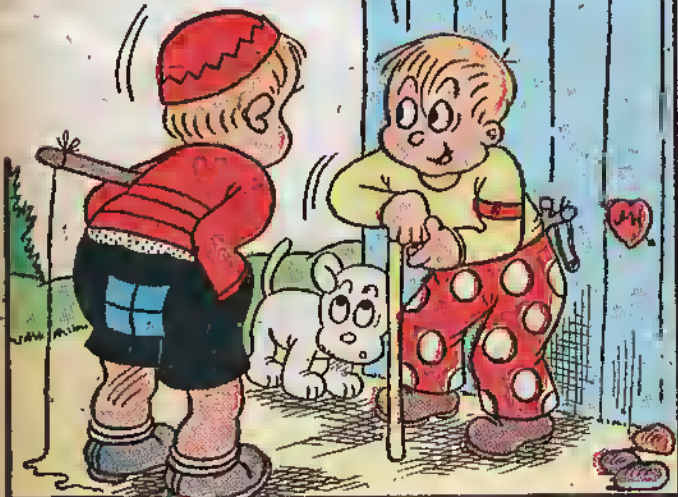
SO YOU'RE SAVIN' UP FER A RAINY
DAY, HUH? THEN WHAT ARE YOU
GONNA DO WITH YOUR MONEY??

BUY AN UMBRELLA
'N A PAIR OF
RUBBERS, OF
COURSE !!!



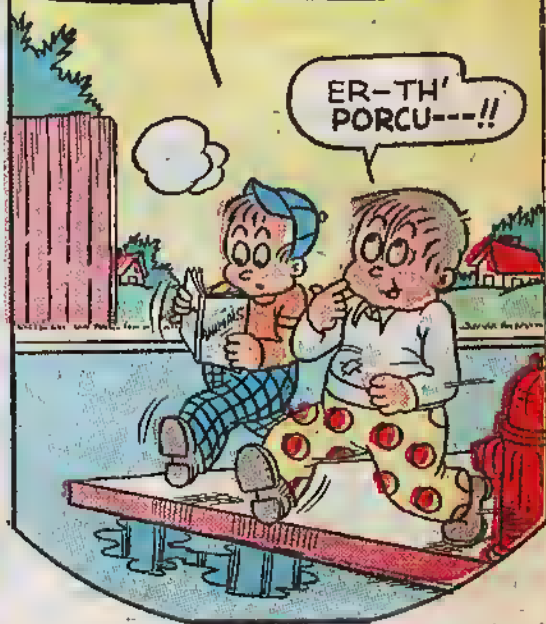
KIN YOU REMEMBER WHEN
YOU WERE BORN, HUH??

HOW COULD I REMEMBER
THAT? I WAS JUST A
BABY THEN, DOPEY!!



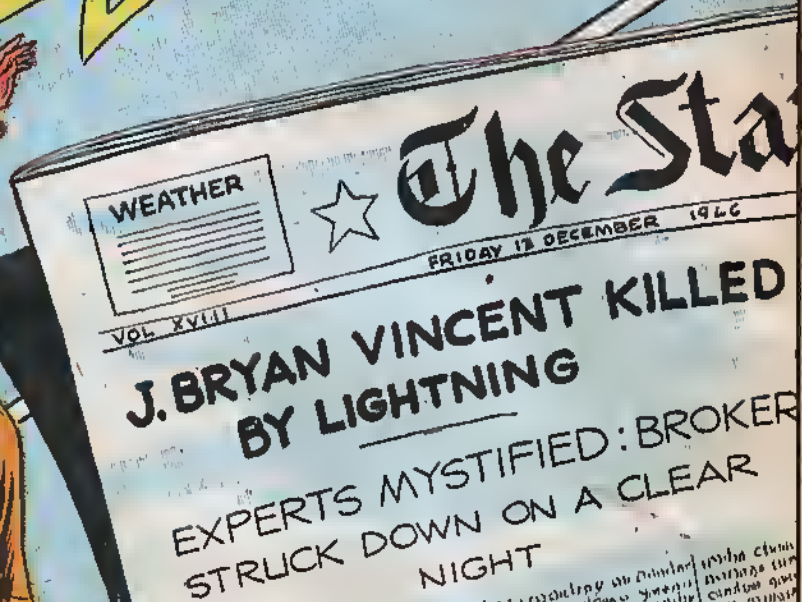
WOT PINE HAS TH' LONGEST
'N SHARPEST NEEDLES??

ER-TH'
PORCU---!!



PETE STOCKBRIDGE

The CHAMELLEON



NEXT EVENING, PETE STOCKBRIDGE GLANCES AT THE NEWSPAPER, AND.....



"...FELLED ON GOLF COURSE, BENEATH APPARENTLY CLEAR SKIES. AUTHORITIES BAFFLED BY STRANGE COINCIDENCE...." COINCIDENCE! THAT'S A WEAK WORD FOR THIS SORT OF AFFAIR!



SEEMS TO ME THERE'S A THIRD VINCENT BROTHER, NAMED RICHARD, AND HIS SON, TOMMY. AND IT ALSO SEEMS TO ME THERE'S A WOW OF A STORY IN THIS SOMEWHERE. I GUESS I'LL PAY MR. VINCENT A LITTLE VISIT.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, PETE STOCKBRIDGE ARRIVES AT THE VINCENT ESTATE.

HMMM...DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE HOME, BUT THE LIGHTS ARE ON. PERHAPS THE BELL IS OUT OF ORDER.

GUESS I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK INSIDE.

WHEW! I'M BLIND AS A BAT!

MY FATHER! YOU.... YOU KILLED HIM!

SNAP IT UP! AND TAKE CARE OF THIS GUY BEFORE HE GETS HIS SIGHT BACK, JOE!

THIS'LL COOL HIM OFF FOR A WHILE!

KEEP THAT KID QUIET, AND GET HIM OUT TO THE PLACE ON THE RIVER ROAD. I'LL GO AHEAD AND TELL THE OLD MAN YOU'RE COMING!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE CELLAR OF AN ABANDONED HOUSE ON THE RIVER ROAD.....

THAT IS CORRECT, MY YOUNG FRIEND. I KILLED YOUR FATHER AND YOUR UNCLES.... BUT I AM NOT GOING TO KILL YOU....YET! FOR YOU I HAVE A BUSINESS PROPOSITION, A VERY SIMPLE ONE.... YOUR LIFE FOR THE FORTUNE YOU NOW CONTROL!

I DON'T GET SCARED VERY EASILY, GRANDPA...WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

IT'S ABOUT POWER, YOU YOUNG FOOL...POWER! UNIMAGINABLE POWER THAT I OFFERED TO YOUR STUPID FATHER AND HIS BROTHERS, IN RETURN FOR A LITTLE OF THEIR WEALTH...AND THEY LAUGHED IN MY FACE! BUT NOW I SHALL LAUGH! I'LL HAVE THE POWER AND ALL THEIR MONEY!

HERE IS MY SECRET, I HAVE DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF PRODUCING LIMITLESS POWER AT ONE CENTRAL POINT, AND DISPENSING IT THROUGH SMALL, PORTABLE MACHINES FAR FROM THE MAIN POWERHOUSE! LOOK AROUND YOU....CAN YOU IMAGINE THE ENERGY CREATED BY THESE HUGE MACHINES?

THINK OF IT...AND THEN REALIZE THAT I CAN MAKE THAT POWER EMANATE FROM THIS TINY BOX, I CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS WITH IT... OR TURN THE PAGE OF A BOOK. I CAN BLAST GREAT CRATERS IN THE EARTH....

...OR BORE TINY HOLES LIKE THAT KNOTHOLE, WITH MY MACHINE!

I CAN CONTROL THE WORLD WITH IT!

IF ONLY YOU COULD SEE BEYOND THAT KNOTHOLE, OLD MAN, YOU WOULD NOT BE SO SURE OF YOUR GREAT PLANS.....

....FOR ABOVE THAT HOLE CROUCHES THAT ARCH ENEMY OF CRIME, PETE STOCKBRIDGE....THE CHAMELEON!

HMM...THE OLD BOY IS RAVING MAD/ LUCKY I WAS CONSCIOUS ENOUGH TO HEAR HIS MEN MENTION THIS PLACE!

I'VE GOT TO GET DOWN THERE AND SAVE THAT BOY, BUT IT WILL TAKE SOME DOING....

QUITE A FEW MEN WITH THE OLD DEVIL. LOOKS LIKE IT'S TIME FOR THE CHAMELEON TO LIVE UP TO HIS NAME. NOW LET'S SEE....AH, THAT'S IT! HE'S A SCIENTIST.... SO NOW HE'S ABOUT TO MEET ANOTHER SCIENTIST!

NOW, YOUNG MAN...TO THE BUSINESS AT HAND. LOOK AT THE OPENING IN THIS BOX. FROM THAT OPENING I CAN TURN LOOSE THOUSANDS OF VOLTS OF POWER. DOES THE IDEA CAUSE YOU TO THINK ABOUT SIGNING OVER THE CONTROL OF YOUR MONEY TO ME?

NO, IT DOESN'T! AND IT NEVER WILL!

I SEE, THEN THINK ABOUT THIS. I AM GOING TO MAKE A SERIES OF HOLES THROUGH YOUR BODY, SIMILAR TO THAT KNOTHOLE. FIRST IN YOUR ARMS, THEN IN YOUR LEGS.... DOES THAT ALTER YOUR VIEW ANY?

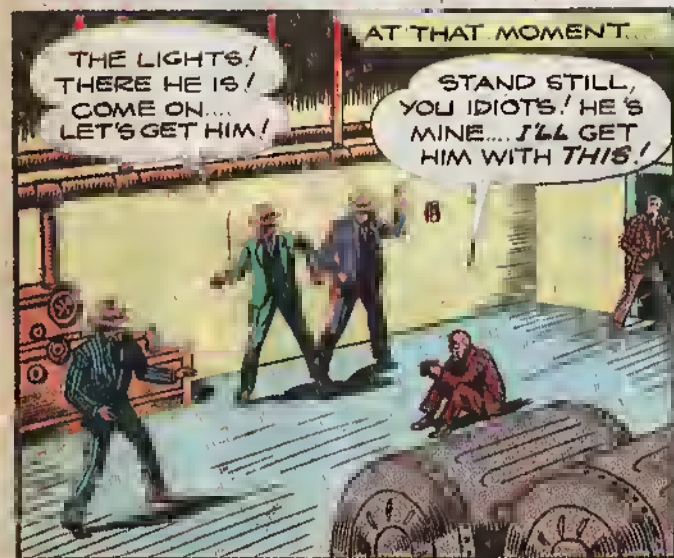
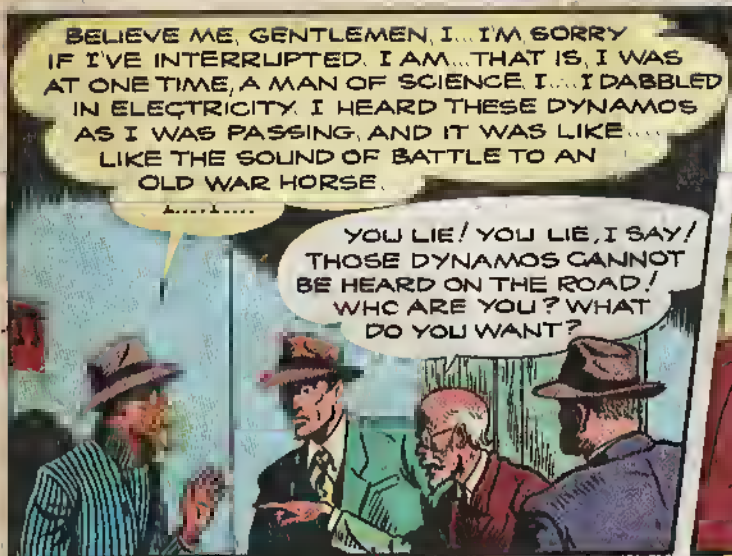
NO! I WON'T DO IT!

I THINK YOU WILL! I WILL COUNT TO THREE, AND THEN.....! ONE... TWO....

AHH...GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN. MAY I.... COME IN?

WHAT TH....?

HOW DARE YOU SNEAK IN HERE? WHO ARE YOU?

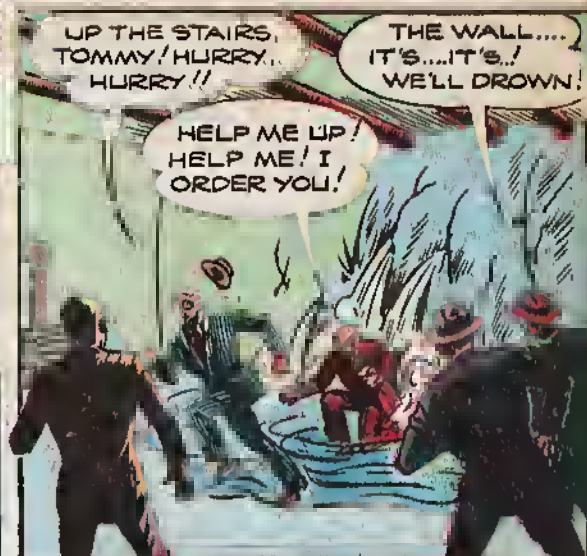




BUT I'LL NOT MISS AGAIN!

NO! DON'T! THAT'S THE RIVER CONTROL!

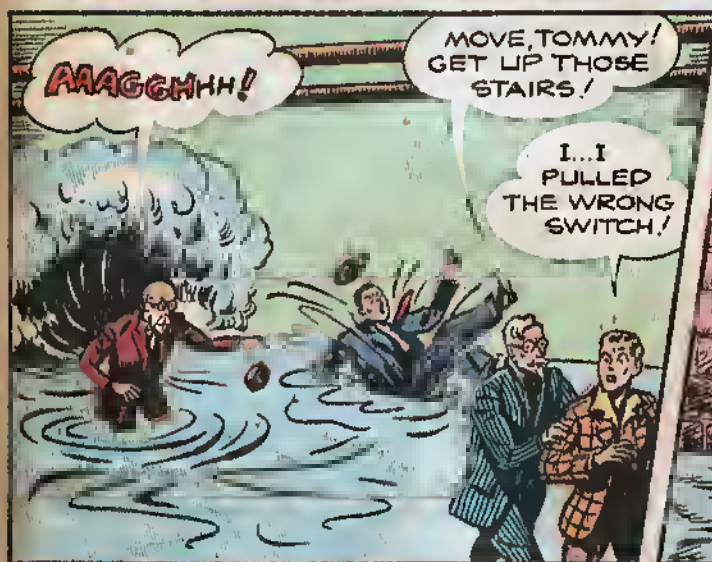
I'VE GOT TO HELP! I KNOW... THE LIGHT SWITCH!



UP THE STAIRS, TOMMY! HURRY... HURRY!!

THE WALL.... IT'S....IT'S..! WE'LL DROWN!

HELP ME UP! HELP ME! I ORDER YOU!



AAAGGHHH!

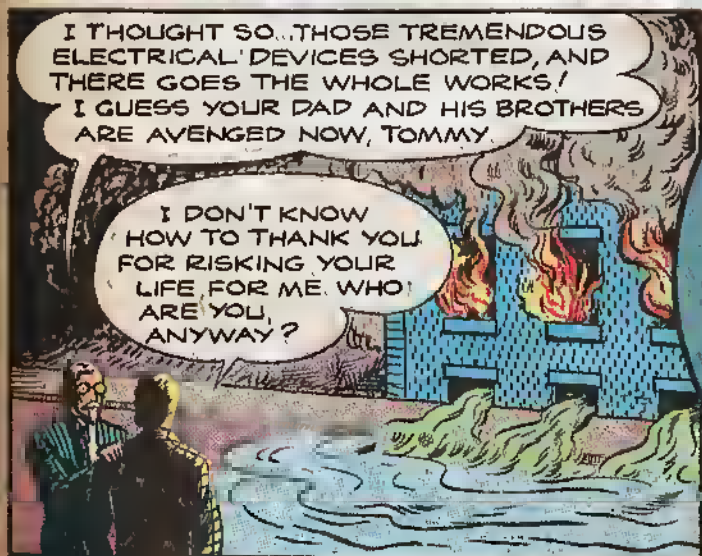
MOVE, TOMMY! GET UP THOSE STAIRS!

I...I PULLED THE WRONG SWITCH!



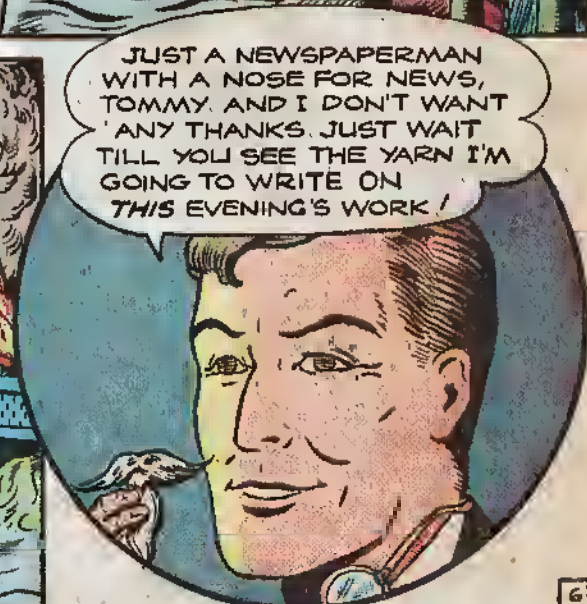
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT... I KILLED THEM...I...I

DON'T WORRY, KID...THEY HAD IT COMING/LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



I THOUGHT SO...THOSE TREMENDOUS ELECTRICAL DEVICES SHORTED, AND THERE GOES THE WHOLE WORKS! I GUESS YOUR DAD AND HIS BROTHERS ARE AVENGED NOW, TOMMY.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR RISKING YOUR LIFE FOR ME. WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?



JUST A NEWSPAPERMAN WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS, TOMMY. AND I DON'T WANT ANY THANKS. JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE YARN I'M GOING TO WRITE ON THIS EVENING'S WORK!

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Atom Bomb

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THE PATCH KING, Dept. 3004
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HELPFUL HAROLD

BY
ART HELFANT

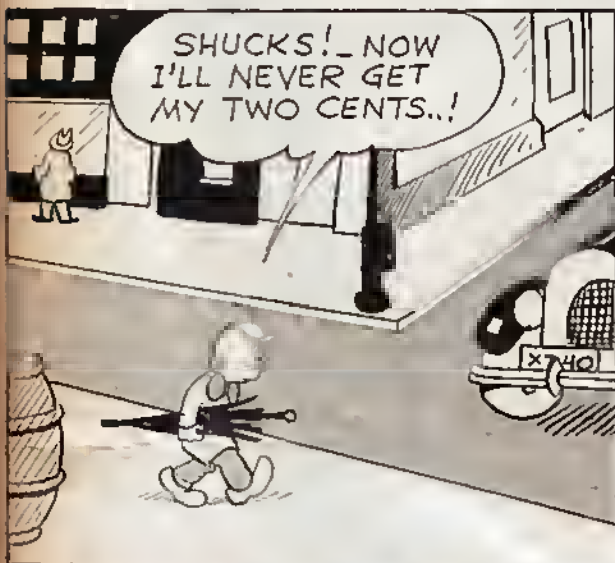


NO! YOU CAN'T HAVE TWO CENTS, HAROLD, AND BESIDES I WANT YOU TO RETURN THIS UMBRELLA TO GRANNY!

AW-W-MA!



SHUCKS!_NOW I'LL NEVER GET MY TWO CENTS..!



GEE, IT'S RAINING!



THE RAIN GIVES ME A SWELL IDEA!



THIS IS GREAT! I'VE MADE SEVEN CENTS ALREADY!

I'M NEXT!



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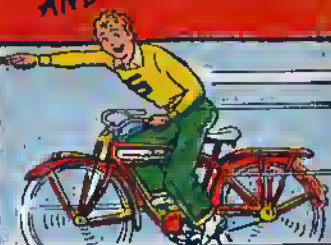
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